Complaints.

Containing Sundrie small Poemes of the Worlds Va-*nitie.*

VVhereof the next Page maketh menti-on.

By Ed. Sp.

London.
Imprinted for *VVilliam Ponsonbie*, dwelling in Paules Churchyard at the signe of *the Bishops head.*

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A note of the ſundrie Poemes contained in this Volume.

1 *The Ruines of Time.*
2 *The Teares of the Muſes.*
3 *Virgils Gnat.*
4 *Proſopopoia,* or *Mother Hubberds Tale.*
5 *The Ruines of Rome:* by *Bellay.*
6 *Muiopotmos,* or *The Tale of the Butterflie.*
7 *Viſions of the Worlds vanitie.*
8 *Bellayes viſions.*
9 *Petrarches viſions.*

The Printer to the *Gentle Reader.*

SINCE my late ſetting ſoorth of the *Faerie Queene*, finding that it hath found a fauourable paſſage amongſt you; I haue ſithence endeuoured by all good meanes (for the better encreaſe and accompliſhment of your delights,) to get into my handes ſuch ſmale Poemes of the ſame Authors; as I heard were diſperſt abroad in ſundrie hands, and not eaſie to bee come by, by himſelfe; ſome of them hauing bene diuerſlie imbeziled and purloyned from him, ſince his departure ouer Sea. Of the which I haue by good meanes gathered togeather theſe fewe parcels preſent, which I haue cauſed to bee imprinted al-

togeather, for that they al ſeeme to containe like matter of argument in them: being all complaints and meditations of the worlds vanitie; verie graue and profitable. To which effect I vnderſtand that he beſides wrote ſundrie others, namelie *Eccleſiaſtes*, & *Canticum canticorum* tranſlated, *A ſenights ſlumber*, *The hell of louers*, *his Purgatorie*, being all dedicated to Ladies; ſo as it may ſeeme he ment them all to one volume. Beſides ſome other Pamphlets looſelie ſcattered abroad: as *The dying Pellican*, *The howers of the Lord*, *The ſacrifice of a ſinner*, *The ſeuen Pſalmes*, *&c.* which when I can either by himſelfe, or otherwiſe attaine too, I meane likewiſe for your fauour ſake to ſet foorth. In the meane time praying you gentlie to accept of theſe, & graciouſlie to entertaine the new Poet. *I take leaue.*

THE RVINE OF TIME.

Dedicated

To the right Noble and beauti-
full Ladie, the La. Marie
Counteſſe of Pembrooke.

MOST Honourable and bountifull Ladie, there bee long ſithens deepe ſowed in my breſt, the ſeede of moſt entire loue & humble affection vnto that moſt braue Knight your noble brother deceaſed; which taking roote began in his life time ſomewhat to bud forth: and to ſhew thẽſelues to him, as then in the weakenes of their firſt ſpring: And would in their riper ſtrength (had it pleaſed high God till then to drawe out his daies) ſpired forth fruit of more perfection. But ſince God hath diſdeigned the world

World of that moſt noble Spirit, which was the hope of all learned men, and the Patron of my young Muſes; *together with him both their hope of anie further fruit was cut off: and alſo the tender delight of thoſe their firſt bloſſoms nipped and quite dead. Yet ſithens my late cumming into* England, *ſome frends of mine (which might much preuaile with me, and indeede commaund me) knowing with howe ſtraight bandes of duetie I was tied to him: as alſo bound vnto that noble houſe, (of which the chiefe hope then reſted in him) haue ſought to reuiue them by vpbraiding me: for that J haue not ſhewed anie thankefull remembrance towards him or any of thē; but ſuffer their names to ſleep in ſilence and forgetfulneſſe. VVhome chieflie to ſatisfie, or els to auoide that fowle blot of vnthankefulneſſe, J haue conceiued this ſmall Poeme, intituled by a generall name of the* worlds Ruines: *yet ſpeciallie intended to the renowming of that noble race, from which both you and he ſprong, and to the eternizing of ſome of the chiefe of them late deceaſed. The which*

The Epiſtle

I dedicate vnto your La. as whome it moſt ſpeciallie concerneth: and to whome I acknowledge my ſelfe bounden, by manie ſingular fauours & great graces. I pray for your Honourable happineſſe: & ſo humblie kiſſe your haudes.

Your Ladiſhips euer

humblie at commaund.

E. S.

The Ruines of Time.

IT chaunced me on day beside the shore
Of siluer streaming *Thamesis* to bee,
Nigh where the goodly *Verlame* stood of yore,
Of which there now remaines no memorie,
Nor anie little moniment to see,
By which the trauailer, that fares that way,
This once was she, may warned be to say.

There on the other side, I did behold
A Woman sitting sorrowfullie wailing,
Rending her yeolow locks, like wyrie golde,
About her shoulders careleslie downe trailing,
And streames of teares frõ her faire eyes forth rai-
In her right hand a broken rod she held, (ling.
Which towards heauen shee seemd on high to
(weld.

Whether she were one of that Riuers Nymphes,
Which did the losse of some dere loue lament,
I doubt; or one of those three fatall Impes,
Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent;
Or th'auncient *Genius* of that Citie brent:
But seeing her so piteouslie perplexed,
I (to her calling) askt what her so vexed.

Ah what delight (quoth she) in earthlie thing,
Or comfort can I wretched creature haue?
Whose happines the heauens enuying,
From highest staire to lowest step me draue,
And haue in mine owne bowels made my graue,
That of all Nations now I am forlorne,
The worlds sad spectacle, and fortunes scorne.

Much was I mooued at her piteous plaint,
And felt my heart nigh riuen in my breſt
With tender ruth to ſee her ſore conſtraint,
That ſhedding teares a while I ſtill did reſt,
And after did her name of her requeſt.
Name haue I none (quoth ſhe) nor anie being,
Bereft of both by Fates vniuſt decreeing.

I was that Citie, which the garland wore
Of *Britaines* pride, deliuered vnto me
By *Romane* Victors, which it wonne of yore;
Though nought at all but ruines now I bee,
And lye in mine owne aſhes, as ye ſee:
Verlame I was; what bootes it that I was,
Sith now I am but weedes and waſtfull gras?

O vaine worlds glorie, and vnſtedfaſt ſtate
Of all that liues, on face of ſinfull earth,
Which from their firſt vntill their vtmoſt date
Taſt no one hower of happines or merth,
But like as at the ingate of their berth,
They crying creep out of their mothers woomb,
So wailing backe go to their wofull toomb.

Why then dooth fleſh, a bubble glas of breath,
Hunt after honour and aduauncement vaine,
And reare a trophee for deuouring death,
With ſo great labour and long laſting paine,
As if his daies for euer ſhould remaine?
Sith all that in this world is great or gaie,
Doth as a vapour vaniſh, and decaie.

Looke backe, who liſt, vnto the former ages,
And call to count, what is of them become:

Where

Where be thoſe learned wits and antique Sages,
Which of all wiſedome knew the perfect ſomme:
Where thoſe great warriors, which did ouercomme
The world with conqueſt of their might and maine,
And made one meare of th'earth & of their raine?

What nowe is of th'*Aſſyrian* Lyoneſſe,
Of whome no footing now on earth appeares?
What of the *Perſian* Beares outragiouſneſſe,
Whoſe memorie is quite worne out with yeares?
Who of the *Grecian* Libbard now ought heares,
That ouerran the Eaſt with greedie powre,
And left his whelps their kingdomes to deuoure?

And where is that ſame great ſeuen headded beaſt,
That made all nations vaſſals of her pride,
To fall before her feete at her beheaſt,
And in the necke of all the world did ride?
Where doth ſhe all that wondrous welth nowe hide?
With her own weight down preſſed now ſhee lies,
And by her heaps her hugeneſſe teſtifies.

O *Rome* thy ruine I lament and rue,
And in thy fall my fatall ouerthrowe,
That whilom was, whilſt heauens with equall vewe
Deigned to behold me, and their gifts beſtowe,
The picture of thy pride in pompous ſhew:
And of the whole world as thou waſt the Empreſſe,
So I of this ſmall Northerne world was Princeſſe,

To tell the beawtie of my buildings fayre,
Adornd with pureſt golde, and precious ſtone;
To tell my riches, and endowments rare
That by my foes are now all ſpent and gone:

To tell my forces matchable to none,
Were but loſt labour, that few would beleeue,
And with rehearſing would me more agreeue.

High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,
Strong walls, rich porches, princelie pallaces,
Large ſtreetes, braue houſes, ſacred ſepulchers,
Sure gates, ſweete gardens, ſtately galleries,
Wrought with faire pillours, and fine imageries,
All thoſe (ô pitie) now are turnd to duſt,
And ouergrowen with blacke obliuions ruſt.

Theretoo for warlike power, and peoples ſtore,
In *Britannie* was none to match with mee;
That manie often did abie full ſore:
Ne *Troynouant*, though elder ſiſter ſhee,
With my great forces might compared bee;
That ſtout *Pendragon* to his perill felt,
Who in a ſiege ſeauen yeres about me dwelt.

But long ere this *Bunduca* Britonneſſe
Her mightie hoaſt againſt my bulwarkes brought,
Bunduca, that victorious conquereſſe,
That lifting vp her braue heroïck thought
Boue womens weaknes, with the *Romanes* fought,
Fought, and in field againſt them thrice preuailed:
Yet was ſhe foyld, when as ſhe me aſſailed.

And though at laſt by force I conquered were
Of hardie *Saxons*, and became their thrall;
Yet was I with much bloodſhed bought full deere,
And prizde with ſlaughter of their Generall:
The moniment of whoſe ſad funerall,

For wonder of the world, long in me laſted;
But now to nought through ſpoyle of time is waſted.

Waſted it is, as if it neuer were,
And all the reſt that me ſo honord made,
And of the world admired eu'rie where,
Is turnd to ſmoake, that doth to nothing fade;
And of that brightnes now appeares no ſhade,
But greiſlie ſhades, ſuch as doo haunt in hell
With fearfull fiends, that in deep darknes dwell.

Where my high ſteeples whilom vſde to ſtand,
On which the lordly Faulcon wont to towre,
There now is but an heap of lyme and ſand,
For the Shriche-owle to build her balefull bowre:
And where the Nightingale wont forth to powre
Her reſtles plaints, to comfort wakefull Louers,
There now haũt yelling Mewes & whining Plouers.

And where the chriſtall *Thamis* wont to ſlide
In ſiluer channell, downe along the Lee,
About whoſe flowrie bankes on either ſide
A thouſand Nymphes, with mirthfull iollitee
Were wont to play, from all annoyance free;
There now no riuers courſe is to be ſeene,
But mooriſh fennes, and marſhes euer greene.

Seemes, that that gentle Riuer for great griefe
Of my miſhaps, which oft I to him plained;
Or for to ſhunne the horrible miſchiefe,
With which he ſaw my cruell foes me pained,
And his pure ſtreames with guiltles blood oft ſtained,
From my vnhappie neighborhood farre fled,
And his ſweete waters away with him led.

There alſo where the winged ſhips were ſeene
In liquid waues to cut their fomie waie,
And thouſand Fiſhers numbred to haue been,
In that wide lake looking for plenteous praie
Of fiſh, which they with baits vſde to betraie,
Is now no lake, nor anie fiſhers ſtore,
Nor euer ſhip ſhall ſaile there anie more,

They all are gone, and all with them is gone,
Ne ought to me remaines, but to lament
My long decay, which no man els doth mone,
And mourne my fall with dolefull dreriment.
Yet it is comfort in great languiſhment,
To be bemoned with compaſsion kinde,
And mitigates the anguiſh of the minde.

But me no man bewaileth, but in game,
Ne ſheddeth teares from lamentable eie:
Nor anie liues that mentioneth my name
To be remembred of poſteritie,
Saue One that maugre fortunes iniurie,
And times decay, and enuies cruell tort,
Hath writ my record in true-ſeeming ſort.

Cambden the nourice of antiquitie,
And lanterne vnto late ſucceeding age,
To ſee the light of ſimple veritie,
Buried in ruines, through the great outrage
Of her owne people, led with warlike rage,
Cambden, though time all moniments obſcure,
Yet thy iuſt labours euer ſhall endure,

But whie (vnhappie wight) doo I thus crie,
And grieue that my remembrance quite is raced

Out

The Ruines of Time.

Out of the knowledge of posteritie,
And all my antique moniments defaced?
Sith I doo dailie see things highest placed,
So soone as fates their vitall thred haue shorne,
Forgotten quite as they were neuer borne.

It is not long, since these two eyes beheld
A mightie Prince, of most renowmed race,
Whom *England* high in count of honour held,
And greatest ones did sue to gaine his grace;
Of greatest ones he greatest in his place,
Sate in the bosome of his Soueraine,
And *Right and loyall* did his word maintaine.

I saw him die, I saw him die, as one
Of the meane people, and brought foorth on beare,
I saw him die, and no man left to mone
His dolefull fate, that late him loued deare:
Scarse anie left to close his eylids neare;
Scarse anie left vpon his lips to laie
The sacred sod, or *Requiem* to saie.

O trustlesse state of miserable men,
That builde your blis on hope of earthly thing,
And vainly thinke your selues halfe happie then,
When painted faces with smooth flattering
Doo fawne on you, and your wide praises sing,
And when the courting masker louteth lowe,
Him true in heart and trustie to you trow.

All is but fained, and with oaker dide,
That euerie shower will wash and wipe away,
All things doo change that vnder heauen abide,
And after death all friendship doth decaie.

There-

Therefore what euer man bearſt worldlie ſway,
Liuing, on God, and on thy ſelfe relie;
For when thou dieſt, all ſhall with thee die.

He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
Saue what in heauens ſtorehouſe he vplaid:
His hope is faild, and come to paſſe his dread,
And euill men now dead, his deeds vpbraid:
Spite bites the dead, that liuing neuer baid.
He now is gone, the whiles the Foxe is crept
Into the hole, the which the Badger ſwept.

He now is dead, and all his glorie gone,
And all his greatnes vapoured to nought,
That as a glaſſe vpon the water ſhone,
Which vaniſht quite, ſo ſoone as it was ſought:
His name is worne alreadie out of thought,
Ne anie Poet ſeekes him to reuiue;
Yet manie Poets honourd him aliue.

Ne doth his *Colin*, careleſſe *Colin Cloute*,
Care now his idle bagpipe vp to raiſe,
Ne tell his ſorrow to the liſtning rout
Of ſhepherd groomes, which wōt his ſongs to praiſe:
Praiſe who ſo liſt, yet I will him diſpraiſe,
Vntill he quite him of this guiltie blame:
Wake ſhepheards boy, at length awake for ſhame.

And who ſo els did goodnes by him gaine,
And who ſo els his bounteous minde did trie,
Whether he ſhepheard be, or ſhepheards ſwaine,
(For manie did, which doo it now denie)
Awake, and to his Song a part applie:

And I, the whileſt you mourne for his deceaſe,
Will with my mourning plaints your plaint increaſe.

He dyde, and after him his brother dyde,
His brother Prince, his brother noble Peere,
That whilſte he liued, was of none enuyde,
And dead is now, as liuing, counted deare,
Deare vnto all that true affection beare:
But vnto thee moſt deare, ô deareſt Dame,
His noble Spouſe, and Paragon of fame.

He whileſt he liued, happie was through thee,
And being dead is happie now much more;
Liuing, that lincked chaunſt with thee to bee,
And dead, becauſe him dead thou doſt adore
As liuing, and thy loſt deare loue deplore.
So whilſt that thou, faire flower of chaſtitie,
Doſt liue, by thee thy Lord ſhall neuer die.

Thy Lord ſhall neuer die, the whiles this verſe
Shall liue, and ſurely it ſhall liue for euer:
For euer it ſhall liue, and ſhall rehearſe
His worthie praiſe, and vertues dying neuer,
Though death his ſoule doo from his bodie ſeuer.
And thou thy ſelfe herein ſhalt alſo liue;
Such grace the heauens doo to my verſes giue,

Ne ſhall his ſiſter, ne thy father die,
Thy father, that good Earle of rare renowne,
And noble Patrone of weake pouertie;
Whoſe great good deeds in countrey and in towne
Haue purchaſt him in heauen an happie crowne;
Where he now liueth in eternall blis,
And left his ſonne t'enſue thoſe ſteps of his.

He noble bud, his Grandſires liuelie hayre,
Vnder the ſhadow of thy countenaunce
Now ginnes to ſhoote vp faſt, and flouriſh fayre
In learned artes and goodlie gouernaunce,
That him to higheſt honour ſhall aduaunce.
Braue Impe of *Bedford*, grow apace in bountie,
And count of wiſedome more than of thy Countie.

Ne may I let thy husbands ſiſter die,
That goodly Ladie, ſith ſhe eke did ſpring
Out of this ſtocke, and famous familie,
Whoſe praiſes I to future age doo ſing,
And foorth out of her happie womb did bring
The ſacred brood of learning and all honour;
In whom the heauens powrde all their gifts vpon her.

Moſt gentle ſpirite breathed from aboue,
Out of the boſome of the makers blis,
In whom all bountie and all vertuous loue
Appeared in their native propertis,
And did enrich that noble breaſt of his,
With treaſure paſsing all this worldes worth,
Worthie of heauen it ſelfe, which brought it forth.

His bleſſed ſpirite full of power diuine
And influence of all celeſtiall grace,
Loathing this ſinfull earth and earthlie ſlime,
Fled backe too ſoone vnto his native place,
Too ſoone for all that did his loue embrace,
Too ſoone for all this wretched world, whom he
Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

Yet ere his happie ſoule to heauen went
Out of this fleſhlie goale, he did deuiſe

Vnto his heauenlie maker to preſent
His bodie, as a ſpotles ſacrifiſe;
And choſe, that guiltie hands of enemies
Should powre forth th'offring of his guiltles blood:
So life exchanging for his countries good.

O noble ſpirite, liue there euer bleſſed,
The worlds late wonder, and the heauens new ioy,
Liue euer there, and leaue me here diſtreſſed
With mortall cares, and cumbrous worlds anoy.
But where thou doſt that happines enioy,
Bid me, ô bid me quicklie come to thee,
That happie there I maie thee alwaies ſee.

Yet whileſt the fates affoord me vitall breath,
I will it ſpend in ſpeaking of thy praiſe,
And ſing to thee, vntill that timelie death
By heauens doome doo ende my earthlie daies:
Thereto doo thou my humble ſpirite raiſe,
And into me that ſacred breath inſpire,
Which thou there breatheſt perfect and entire.

Then will I ſing, but who can better ſing,
Than thine owne ſiſter, peerles Ladie bright,
Which to thee ſings with deep harts ſorrowing,
Sorrowing tempered with deare delight,
That her to heare I feele my feeble ſpright
Robbed of ſenſe, and rauiſhed with ioy,
O ſad ioy made of mourning and anoy.

Yet will I ſing, but who can better ſing,
Than thou thy ſelfe, thine owne ſelfes valiance,
That whileſt thou liuedſt, madeſt the forreſts ring,
And fields reſownd, and flockes to leap and daunce,

And ſhepheards leaue their lambs vnto miſchaunce,
To runne thy ſhrill *Arcadian* Pipe to heare:
O happie were thoſe dayes, thrice happie were.

But now more happie thou, and wretched wee,
Which want the wonted ſweetnes of thy voice,
Whiles thou now in *Eliſian* fields ſo free,
With *Orpheus*, and with *Linus*, and the choice
Of all that euer did in rimes reioyce,
Conuerſeſt, and dooſt heare their heauenlie layes,
And they heare thine, and thine doo better praiſe.

So there thou liueſt, ſinging euermore,
And here thou liueſt, being euer ſong
Of vs, which liuing loued thee afore,
And now thee worſhip, mongſt that bleſſed throng
Of heauenlie Poets and Heroes ſtrong.
So thou both here and there immortall art,
And euerie where through excellent deſart.

But ſuch as neither of themſelues can ſing,
Nor yet are ſung of others for reward,
Die in obſcure obliuion, as the thing
Which neuer was, ne euer with regard
Their names ſhall of the later age be heard,
But ſhall in ruſtie darknes euer lie,
Vnles they mentiond be with infamie.

What booteth it to haue been rich aliue?
What to be great? what to be gracious?
When after death no token doth ſuruiue,
Of former being in this mortall hous,
But ſleepes in duſt dead and inglorious,

Like

Like beaſt, whoſe breath but in his noſtrels is,
And hath no hope of happineſſe or blis.

How manie great ones may remembred be,
Which in their daies moſt famouſlie did floriſh;
Of whome no word we heare, nor ſigne now ſee,
But as things wipt out with a ſponge to periſhe,
Becauſe they liuing, cared not to cheriſhe
No gentle wits, through pride or couertize,
Which might their names for euer memorize.

Prouide therefore (ye Princes) whilſt ye liue,
That of the *Muſes* ye may friended bee,
Which vnto men eternitie do giue;
For they be daughters of Dame memorie,
And *Ioue* the father of eternitie,
And do thoſe men in golden thrones repoſe,
Whoſe merits they to glorifie do choſe.

The ſeuen fold yron gates of griſlie Hell,
And horrid houſe of ſad *Proſerpina*,
They able are with power of mightie ſpell
To breake, and thence the ſoules to bring awaie
Out of dread darkeneſſe, to eternall day,
And them immortall make, which els would die
In foule forgetfulneſſe, and nameles lie.

So whilome raiſed they the puiſſant brood
Of golden girt *Alcmena*, for great merite,
Out of the duſt, to which the *Oetæan* wood
Had him conſum'd, and ſpent his vitall ſpirite:
To higheſt heauen, where now he doth inherite
All happineſſe in *Hebes* ſiluer bowre,
Choſen to be her deareſt Paramoure.

So raiſde they eke faire *Ledaes* warlick twinnes,
And interchanged life vnto them lent,
That when th'one dies, th'other then beginnes
To ſhew in Heauen his brightnes orient:
And they, for pittie of the ſad wayment,
Which *Orpheus* for *Eurydice* did make,
Her back againe to life ſent for his ſake.

So happie are they, and ſo fortunate,
Whom the *Pierian* ſacred ſiſters loue,
That freed from bands of impacable fate,
And power of death, they liue for aye aboue,
Where mortall wreakes their blis may not remoue:
But with the Gods, for former vertues meede,
On *Nectar* and *Ambroſia* do feede.

For deeds doe die, how euer noblie donne,
And thoughts of men do as themſelues decay,
But wiſe wordes taught in numbers for to runne,
Recorded by the Muſes, liue for ay;
Ne may with ſtorming ſhowers be waſht away,
Ne bitter breathing windes with harmfull blaſt,
Nor age, nor enuie ſhall them euer waſt.

In vaine doo earthly Princes then, in vaine
Seeke with Pyramides, to heauen aſpired;
Or huge Coloſſes, built with coſtlie paine;
Or braſen Pillours, neuer to be fired,
Or Shrines, made of the mettall moſt deſired;
To make their memories for euer liue:
For how can mortall immortalitie giue.

Such one *Manſolus* made, the worlds great wonder,
But now no remnant doth thereof remaine:

Such one *Marcellus*, but was torne with thunder:
Such one *Liſippus*, but is worne with raine:
Such one King *Edmond*, but was rent for gaine.
All ſuch vaine moniments of earthlie maſſe,
Deuour'd of Time, in time to nought doo paſſe.

But fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
Aboue the reach of ruinous decay,
And with braue plumes doth beate the azure skie,
Admir'd of baſe-borne men from farre away:
Then who ſo will with vertuous deeds aſſay
To mount to heauen, on *Pegaſus* muſt ride,
And with ſweete Poets verſe be glorifide.

For not to haue been dipt in *Lethe* lake,
Could ſaue the ſonne of *Thetis* from to die;
But that blinde bard did him immortall make
With verſes, dipt in deaw of *Caſtalie*:
Which made the Eaſterne Conquerour to crie,
O fortunate yong-man, whoſe vertue found
So braue a Trompe, thy noble acts to ſound.

Therefore in this halfe happie I doo read
Good *Melibæ*, that hath a Poet got,
To ſing his liuing praiſes being dead,
Deſeruing neuer here to be forgot,
In ſpight of enuie, that his deeds would ſpot:
Since whoſe deceaſe, learning lies vnregarded,
And men of armes doo wander vnrewarded.

Thoſe two be thoſe two great calamities,
That long agoe did grieue the noble ſpright
Of *Salomon* with great indignities;
Who whilome was aliue the wiſeſt wight.

But now his wiſedome is diſprooued quite:
For he that now welds all things at his will,
Scorns th'one and th'other in his deeper ſkill.

O griefe of griefes, ô gall of all good heartes,
To ſee that vertue ſhould diſpiſed bee
Of him, that firſt was raiſde for vertuous parts,
And now broad ſpreading like an aged tree,
Lets none ſhoot vp, that nigh him planted bee:
O let the man, of whom the Muſe is ſcorned,
Nor aliue, nor dead be of the Muſe adorned.

O vile worlds truſt, that with ſuch vaine illuſion
Hath ſo wiſe men bewitcht, and ouerkeſt,
That they ſee not the way of their confuſion,
O vaineſſe to be added to the reſt,
That do my ſoule with inward griefe infeſt:
Let them behold the piteous fall of mee:
And in my caſe their owne enſample ſee.

And who ſo elſe that ſits in higheſt ſeate
Of this worlds glorie, worſhipped of all,
Ne feareth change of time, nor fortunes threate,
Let him behold the horror of my fall,
And his owne end vnto remembrance call;
That of like ruine he may warned bee,
And in himſelfe be moou'd to pittie mee.

Thus hauing ended all her piteous plaint,
With dolefull ſhrikes ſhee vaniſhed away,
That I through inward ſorrowe wexen faint,
And all aſtoniſhed with deepe diſmay,
For her departure, had no word to ſay:

But

But ſate long time in ſenceleſſe ſad affright,
Looking ſtill, if I might of her haue ſight.

Which when I miſſed, hauing looked long,
My thought returned greeued home againe,
Renewing her complaint with paſsion ſtrong,
For ruth of that ſame womans piteous paine;
Whoſe wordes recording in my troubled braine,
I felt ſuch anguiſh wound my feeble heart,
That froſen horror ran through euerie part.

So inlie greeuing in my groning breſt,
And deepelie muzing at her doubtfull ſpeach,
Whoſe meaning much I labored foorth to wreſte,
Being aboue my ſlender reaſons reach;
At length by demonſtration me to teach,
Before mine eies ſtrange ſights preſented were,
Like tragicke Pageants ſeeming to appeare.

I

I ſaw an Image, all of maſsie gold,
Placed on high vpon an Altare faire,
That all, which did the ſame from farre beholde,
Might worſhip it, and fall on loweſt ſtaire.
Not that great Idoll might with this compaire,
To which th'*Aſſyrian* tyrant would haue made
The holie brethren, falſlie to haue praid,

But th'Altare, on the which this Image ſtaid,
Was (ô great pitie) built of brickle clay,
That ſhortly the foundation decaid,
With ſhowres of heauen and tempeſts worne away,
Then downe it fell, and low in aſhes lay,

Scorned of euerie one, which by it went
That I it seing, dearelie did lament.

2

Next vnto this a statelie Towre appeared,
Built all of richest stone, that might bee found,
And nigh vnto the Heauens in height vpreared,
But placed on a plot of sandie ground:
Not that great Towre, which is so much renownd
For tongues confusion in holie writ,
King *Ninus* worke might be compar'd to it.

But ô vaine labours of terrestriall wit,
That buildes so stronglie on so frayle a soyle,
As with each storme does fall away, and flit,
And giues the fruit of all your trauailes toyle,
To be the pray of Tyme, and Fortunes spoyle:
I saw this Towre fall sodainlie to dust,
That nigh with griefe thereof my heart was brust.

3

Then did I see a pleasant Paradize,
Full of sweete flowres and daintiest delights,
Such as on earth man could not more deuize,
With pleasures choyce to feed his cheerefull sprights:
Not that, which *Merlin* by his Magicke slights
Made for the gentle squire, to entertaine
His fayre *Belphœbe*, could this gardine staine.

But ô short pleasure bought with lasting paine,
Why will hereafter anie flesh delight
In earthlie blis, and ioy in pleasures vaine,

Since

Since that I ſawe this gardine waſted quite,
That where it was ſcarce ſeemed anie ſight?
That I, which once that beautie did beholde,
Could not from teares my melting eyes with-holde.

4

Soone after this a Giaunt came in place,
Of wondrous power, and of exceeding ſtature,
That none durſt vewe the horror of his face,
Yet was he milde of ſpeach, and meeke of nature.
Not he, which in deſpight of his Creatour
With railing tearmes defied the Iewiſh hoaſt,
Might with this mightie one in hugenes boaſt.

For from the one he could to th'other coaſt,
Stretch his ſtrong thighes, and th'Occæan ouerſtride,
And reatch his hand into his enemies hoaſt.
But ſee the end of pompe and fleſhlie pride;
One of his feete vnwares from him did ſlide,
That downe hee fell into the deepe Abiſſe,
Where drownd with him is all his earthlie bliſſe.

5

Then did I ſee a Bridge, made all of golde,
Ouer the Sea from one to other ſide,
Withouten prop or pillour it t'vpholde,
But like the coulored Rainbowe arched wide:
Not that great Arche, with *Traian* edifide,
To be a wonder to all age enſuing,
Was matchable to this in equall vewing.

But (ah) what bootes it to see earthlie thing
In glorie, or in greatnes to excell,
Sith time doth greatest things to ruine bring?
This goodlie bridge, one foote not fastned well,
Gan faile, and all the rest downe shortlie fell,
Ne of so braue a building ought remained,
That griefe thereof my spirite greatly pained.

I saw two Beares, as white as anie milke,
Lying together in a mightie caue,
Of milde aspect, and haire as soft as silke,
That saluage nature seemed not to haue,
Nor after greedie spoyle of blood to craue:
Two fairer beasts might not elswhere be found,
Although the compast world were sought around.

But what can long abide aboue this ground
In state of blis, or stedfast happinesse?
The Caue, in which these Beares lay sleeping sound,
Was but earth, and with her owne weightinesse
Vpon them fell, and did vnwares oppresse,
That for great sorrow of their sudden fate,
Henceforth all words felicitie I hate.

¶Much was I troubled in my heauie spright,
At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,
That all my senses were bereaued quight,
And I in minde remained sore agast,
Distraught twixt feare and pitie; when at last
I heard a voyce, which loudly to me called,
That with the suddein shrill I was appalled.

Behold

Behold (ſaid it) and by enſample ſee,
That all is vanitie and griefe of minde,
Ne other comfort in this world can be,
But hope of heauen, and heart to God inclinde;
For all the reſt muſt needs be left behinde:
With that it bad me, to the other ſide
To caſt mine eye, where other ſights I ſpide:

1

¶Vpon that famous Riuers further ſhore,
There ſtood a ſnowie Swan of heauenly hiew,
And gentle kinde, as euer Fowle afore;
A fairer one in all the goodlie criew
Of white *Strimonian* brood might no man view:
There he moſt ſweetly ſung the prophecie
Of his owne death in doletull Elegie.

At laſt, when all his mourning melodie
He ended had, that both the ſhores reſounded,
Feeling the fit that him forewarnd to die,
With loftie flight aboue the earth he bounded,
And out of ſight to higheſt heauen mounted:
Where now he is become an heauenly ſigne;
There now the ioy is his, here ſorrow mine.

2

Whileſt thus I looked, loe adowne the *Lee*,
I ſawe an Harpe ſtroong all with ſiluer twyne,
And made of golde and coſtlie yuorie,
Swimming, that whilome ſeemed to haue been
The harpe, on which *Dan Orpheus* was ſeene

Wylde beasts and forrests after him to lead,
But was th'Harpe of *Philisides* now dead.

At length out of the Riuer it was reard
And borne aboue the cloudes to be diuin'd,
Whilst all the way most heauenly noyse was heard
Of the strings, stirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both ioy and sorrow in my mind:
So now in heauen a signe it doth appeare,
The Harpe well knowne beside the Northern Beare.

3

Soone after this I saw on th'other side,
A curious Coffer made of *Heben* wood,
That in it did most precious treasure hide,
Exceeding all this baser worldes good:
Yet through the ouerflowing of the flood
It almost drowned was, and done to nought,
That sight thereof much grieu'd my pensiue thought.

At length when most in perill it was brought,
Two Angels downe descending with swift flight,
Out of the swelling streame it lightly caught,
And twixt their blessed armes it carried quight
Aboue the reach of anie liuing sight:
So now it is transform'd into that starre,
In which all heauenly treasures locked are.

4

Looking aside I saw a stately Bed,
Adorned all with costly cloth of gold,
That might for anie Princes couche be red,

And deckt with daintie flowres, as if it shold
Be for some bride, her ioyous night to hold:
Therein a goodly Virgine sleeping lay:
A fairer wight saw neuer summers day.

I heard a voyce that called farre away
And her awaking bad her quickly dight,
For lo her Bridegrome was in readie ray
To come to her, and seeke her loues delight:
With that she started vp with cherefull sight,
When suddeinly both bed and all was gone,
And I in languor left there all alone.

5

Still as I gazed, I beheld where stood
A Knight all arm'd, vpon a winged steed,
The same that was bred of *Medusaes* blood,
On which *Dan Perseus* borne of heauenly seed,
The faire *Andromeda* from perill freed:
Full mortally this Knight ywounded was,
That streames of blood foorth flowed on the gras.

Yet was he deckt (small ioy to him alas)
With manie garlands for his victories,
And with rich spoyles, which late he did purchas
Through braue atcheiuements from his enemies:
Fainting at last through long infirmities,
He smote his steed, that straight to heauen him bore,
And left me here his losse for to deplore.

6

Lastly I saw an Arke of purest golde
Vpon a brazen pillour standing hie,
Which th'ashes seem'd of some great Prince to hold,

Encloside

Encloſde therein for endles memorie
Of him, whom all the world did glorifie:
Seemed the heauens with the earth did diſagree,
Whether ſhould of thoſe aſhes keeper bee.

At laſt me ſeem'd wing footed *Mercurie*,
From heauen deſcending to appeaſe their ſtrife,
The Arke did beare with him aboue the skie,
And to thoſe aſhes gaue a ſecond life,
To liue in heauen, where happines is rife:
At which the earth did grieue exceedingly,
And I for dole was almoſt like to die.

L: Envoy.

Immortall ſpirite of *Philiſides*,
Which now art made the heauens ornament,
That whilome waſt the worlds chiefſt riches;
Giue leaue to him that lou'de thee to lament
His loſſe, by lacke of thee to heauen hent,
And with laſt duties of this broken verſe,
Broken with ſighes, to decke thy ſable Herſe.

And ye faire Ladie th'honor of your daies,
And glorie of the world, your high thoughts ſcorne;
Vouchſafe this moniment of his laſt praiſe,
With ſome few ſiluer dropping teares t'adorne:
And as ye be of heauenlie off ſpring borne,
So vnto heauen let your high minde aſpire,
And loath this droſſe of ſinfull worlds deſire.

FINIS.

THE
Teares of the Muſes.

By Ed. Sp.

LONDON.
Imprinted for *VVilliam Ponſonbie*, dwelling in Paules Churchyard at the ſigne of *the Biſhops head.*

1591.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
the Ladie *Strange.*

MOst braue and noble Ladie, the things that make ye so much honored of the world as ye bee, are such, as (without my simple lines testimonie) are throughlie knowen to all men; namely, your excellent beautie, your vertuous behauior, & your noble match with that most honourable Lord the verie Paterne of right Nobilitie: But the causes for which ye haue thus deserued of me to be honoured (if honour it be at all) are, both your particular bounties, and also some priuate bands of affinitie, which it hath pleased your Ladiship to acknowledge. Of which whenas I found my selfe in no part worthie, I deuised this last slender meanes, both to intimate my humble affection to your Ladiship and also to make the same vniuersallie knowen to the world; that by honouring you they might know me, and by knowing me they might honor you. Vouchsafe noble Lady to accept this simple remẽbrance, thogh not worthy of your self, yet such, as perhaps by good acceptance therof, ye may hereafter cull out a more meet & memorable euidence of your own excellent deserts. So recommending the same to your Ladiships good liking, I humbly take leaue.

Your La: humbly euer.
Ed. Sp

The Teares of the Muſes.

REhearſe to me ye ſacred Siſters nine:
The golden brood of great *Apolloes* wit,
Thoſe piteous plaints and ſorowfull ſad tine,
Which late ye powred forth as ye did ſit
Beſide the ſiluer Springs of *Helicone*,
Making your muſick of hart-breaking mone.

For ſince the time that *Phœbus* fooliſh ſonne
Ythundered through *Ioues* auengefull wrath,
For trauerſing the charret of the Sunne
Beyond the compaſſe of his pointed path,
Of you his mournfull Siſters was lamented,
Such mournfull tunes were neuer ſince inuented.

Nor ſince that faire *Calliope* did loſe
Her loued Twinnes, the dearlings of her ioy,
Her *Palici*, whom her vnkindly foes
The fatall Siſters, did for ſpight deſtroy,
Whom all the Muſes did bewaile long ſpace,
Was euer heard ſuch wayling in this place.

For all their groues, which with the heauenly noyſes
Of their ſweete inſtruments were wont to ſound,
And th'hollow hills, from which their ſiluer voyces
Were wont redoubled Echoes to rebound,
Did now rebound with nought but rufull cries,
And yelling ſhrieks throwne vp into the ſkies.

The trembling ſtreames which wont in chanels cleare
To romble gently downe with murmur ſoft,
And were by them right tunefull taught to beare
A Baſes part amongſt their conſorts oft;
Now forſt to ouerflowe with brackiſh teares,
With troublous noyſe did dull their daintie eares.

The

The Teares of the Muſes.

The ioyous Nymphes and lightfoote Faeries
Which thether came to heare their muſick ſweet,
And to the meaſure of their melodies
Did learne to moue their nimble ſhifting feete;
Now hearing them ſo heauily lament,
Like heauily lamenting from them went.

And all that els was wont to worke delight
Through the diuine infuſion of their skill,
And all that els ſeemd faire and freſh in ſight,
So made by nature for to ſerue their will,
Was turned now to diſmall heauineſſe,
Was turned now to dreadfull vglineſſe.

Ay me, what thing on earth that all thing breeds,
Might be the cauſe of ſo impatient plight?
What furie, or what feend with felon deeds
Hath ſtirred vp ſo miſchieuous deſpight?
Can griefe then enter into heauenly harts,
And pierce immortall breaſts with mortall ſmarts?

Vouchſafe ye then, whom onely it concernes,
To me thoſe ſecret cauſes to diſplay;
For none but you, or who of you it learnes
Can rightfully aread ſo dolefull lay.
Begin thou eldeſt Siſter of the crew,
And let the reſt in order thee enſew.

Clio.

Heare thou great Father of the Gods on hie
That moſt art dreaded for thy thunder darts:
And thou our Syre that raignſt in *Caſtalie*
And mount *Parnaſſe*, the God of goodly Arts:

Heare and behold the miſerable ſtate
Of vs thy daughters, dolefull deſolate.

Behold the fowle reproach and open ſhame,
The which is day by day vnto vs wrought
By ſuch as hate the honour of our name,
The foes of learning, and each gentle thought;
They not contented vs themſelues to ſcorne,
Doo ſeeke to make vs of the world forlorne.

Ne onely they that dwell in lowly duſt,
The ſonnes of darknes and of ignoraunce;
But they, whom thou great *Ioue* by doome vniuſt
Didſt to the type of honour earſt aduaunce;
They now puft vp with ſdeignfull inſolence,
Deſpiſe the brood of bleſſed Sapience.

The ſectaries of my celeſtiall skill,
That wont to be the worlds chiefe ornament,
And learned Impes that wont to ſhoote vp ſtill,
And grow to hight of kingdomes gouernment
They vnderkeep, and with their ſpredding armes
Doo beat their buds, that periſh through their harmes.

It moſt behoues the honorable race
Of mightie Peeres, true wiſedome to ſuſtaine,
And with their noble countenaunce to grace
The learned forheads, without gifts or gaine:
Or rather learnd themſelues behoues to bee;
That is the girlond of Nobilitie.

But (ah) all otherwiſe they doo eſteeme
Of th'heauenly gift of wiſdomes influence,
And to be learned it a baſe thing deeme;

Baſe

Baſe minded they that want intelligence:
For God himſelfe for wiſedome moſt is praiſed,
And men to God thereby are nigheſt raiſed.

But they doo onely ſtriue themſelues to raiſe
Through pompous pride, and fooliſh vanitie;
In th'eyes of people they put all their praiſe,
And onely boaſt of Armes and Auncеſtrie:
But vertuous deeds, which did thoſe Armes firſt giue
To their Grandſyres, they care not to atchiue.

So I, that doo all noble feates profeſſe
To regiſter, and ſound in trump of gold;
Through their bad dooings, or baſe ſlothfulneſſe,
Finde nothing worthie to be writ, or told:
For better farre it were to hide their names,
Than telling them to blazon out their blames.

So ſhall ſucceeding ages haue no light
Of things forepaſt, nor meniments of time,
And all that in this world is worthie hight
Shall die in darkneſſe, and lie hid in ſlime:
Therefore I mourne with deep harts ſorrowing,
Becauſe I nothing noble haue to ſing.

With that ſhe raynd ſuch ſtore of ſtreaming teares,
That could haue made a ſtonie heart to weep,
And all her Siſters rent their golden heares,
And their faire faces with ſalt humour ſteep.
So ended ſhee: and then the next anew,
Began her grieuous plaint as doth enſew.

Melpo-

The Teares of the Muſes.

Melpomene.

O who ſhall powre into my ſwollen eyes
A ſea of teares that neuer may be dryde,
A braſen voice that may with ſhrilling cryes
Pierce the dull heauens and fill the ayer wide,
And yron ſides that ſighing may endure,
To waile the wretchednes of world impure:

Ah wretched world the den of wickedneſſe,
Deformd with filth and fowle iniquitie;
Ah wretched world the houſe of heauineſſe,
Fild with the wreaks of mortall miſerie;
Ah wretched world, and all that is therein
The vaſſals of Gods wrath, and ſlaues of ſin.

Moſt miſerable creature vnder sky
Man without vnderſtanding doth appeare;
For all this worlds affliction he thereby,
And Fortunes freakes is wiſely taught to beare:
Of wretched life the onely ioy ſhee is,
And th'only comfort in calamities.

She armes the breſt with conſtant patience,
Againſt the bitter throwes of dolours darts,
She ſolaceth with rules of Sapience
The gentle minds, in midſt of worldlie ſmarts:
When he is ſad, ſhee ſeeks to make him merie,
And doth refreſh his ſprighes when they be werie.

But he that is of reaſons skill bereft,
And wants the ſtaffe of wiſedome him to ſtay,
Is like a ſhip in midſt of tempeſt left
Withouten helme or Pilot her to ſway,

Full

Full ſad and dreadfull is that ſhips euent:
So is the man that wants intendiment.

Whie then doo fooliſh men ſo much deſpize
The precious ſtore of this celeſtiall riches?
Why doo they baniſh vs, that patronize
The name of learning? Moſt vnhappie wretches,
The which lie drowned in deep wretchednes,
Yet doo not ſee their owne vnhappines.

My part it is and my profeſſed skill
The Stage with Tragick buskin to adorne,
And fill the Scene with plaint and outcries ſhrill
Of wretched perſons, to miſfortune borne:
But none more tragick matter I can finde
Than this, of men depriu'd of ſenſe and minde.

For all mans life me ſeemes a Tragedy,
Full of ſad ſights and ſore Cataſtrophees;
Firſt comming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his dayes like dolorous Trophees,
Are heapt with ſpoyles of fortune and of feare,
And he at laſt laid forth on balefull beare.

So all with ruſull ſpectacles is fild
Fit for *Megera* or *Perſephone*;
But I that in true Tragedies am skild,
The flowre of wit, finde nought to buſie me:
Therefore I mourne, and pitifully mone,
Becauſe that mourning matter I haue none.

Then gan ſhe wofully to waile, and wring
Her wretched hands in lamentable wiſe;
And all her Siſters thereto anſwering.

Threw forth lowd shrieks and dreris dolefull cries:
So rested she: and then the next in rew,
Began her grieuous plaint as doth ensew.

Thalia.

Where be the sweete delights of learnings treasure,
That wont with Comick sock to beautefie
The painted Theaters, and fill with pleasure
The listners eyes, and eares with melodie;
In which I late was wont to raine as Queene,
And maske in mirth with Graces well beseene?

O all is gone, and all that goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glorie of gay wits,
Is layd abed, and no where now to see;
And in her roome vnseemly Sorrow sits,
With hollow browes and greisly countenaunce,
Marring my ioyous gentle dalliaunce.

And him beside sits vgly Barbarisme,
And brutish Ignorance, ycrept of late
Out of dredd darknes of the deep Abysme,
Where being bredd, he light and heauen does hate:
They in the mindes of men now tyrannize,
And the faire Scene with rudenes foule disguize.

All places they with follie haue possest,
And with vaine toyes the vulgare entertaine;
But me haue banished, with all the rest
That whilome wont to wait vpon my traine,
Fine Counterfesaunce and vnhurtfull Sport,
Delight and Laughter deckt in seemly sort.

All theſe, and all that els the Comick Stage
With ſeaſoned wit and goodly pleaſance graced;
By which mans life in his likeſt image
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced:
And thoſe ſweete wits which wont the like to frame,
Are now deſpizd, and made a laughing game.

And he the man, whom Nature ſelfe had made
To mock her ſelfe, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter vnder Mimick ſhade,
Our pleaſant *willy*, ah is dead of late:
With whom all ioy and iolly merriment
Is alſo deaded, and in dolour drent.

In ſtead thereof ſcoffing Scurrilitie,
And ſcornfull Follie with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rymes of ſhameles ribaudrie
Without regard, or due Decorum kept;
Each idle wit at will preſumes to make,
And doth the Learneds taske vpon him take.

But that ſame gentle Spirit, from whoſe pen
Large ſtreames of honnie and ſweete Nectar flowe,
Scorning the boldnes of ſuch baſe-borne men,
Which dare their follies forth ſo raſhlie throwe;
Doth rather chooſe to ſit in idle Cell,
Than ſo himſelfe to mockerie to ſell.

So am I made the ſeruant of the manie,
And laughing ſtocke of all that liſt to ſcorne,
Not honored nor cared for of anie;
But loath'd of loſels as a thing forlorne:
Therefore I mourne and ſorrow with the reſt,
Vntill my cauſe of ſorrow be redreſt.

Therewith she lowdly did lament and shrike,
Pouring forth streames of teares abundantly,
And all her Sisters with compassion like,
The breaches of her singulfs did supply.
So rested shee: and then the next in rew
Began her grieuous plaint, as doth ensew.

Euterpe.

Like as the dearling of the Summers pryde,
Faire *Philomele*, when winters stormie wrath
The goodly fields, that earst so gay were dyde
In colours diuers, quite despoyled hath,
All comfortlesse doth hide her chearlesse head
During the time of that her widowhead:

So we, that earst were wont in sweet accord
All places with our pleasant notes to fill,
Whilest fauourable times did vs afford
Free libertie to chaunt our charmes at will:
All comfortlesse vpon the bared bow,
Like wofull Culuers doo sit wayling now.

For far more bitter storme than winters stowre
The beautie of the world hath lately wasted,
And those fresh buds, which wont so faire to flowre,
Hath marred quite, and all their blossoms blasted:
And those yong plāts, which wont with fruit t'aboūd,
Now without fruite or leaues are to be found.

A stonie coldnesse hath benumbd the sence
And liuelie spirits of each liuing wight,
And dimd with darknesse their intelligence,
Darknesse more than *Cymerians* daylie night

And monſtrous error flying in the ayre,
Hath mard the face of all that ſemed fayre.

Image of helliſh horrour Ignorance,
Borne in the boſome of the black *Abyſſe*,
And fed with furies milke, for ſuſtenaunce
Of his weake infancie, begot amiſſe
By yawning Sloth on his owne mother Night;
So hee his ſonnes both Syre and brother hight.

He armd with blindneſſe and with boldnes ſtout,
(For blind is bold) hath our fayre light defaced;
And gathering vnto him a ragged rout
Of *Faunes* and *Satyres*, hath our dwellings raced
And our chaſt bowers, in which all vertue rained,
With brutiſhneſſe and beaſtlie filth hath ſtained.

The ſacred ſprings of horſefoot *Helicon*,
So oft bedeawed with our learned layes,
And ſpeaking ſtreames of pure *Caſtalion*,
The famous witneſſe of our wonted praiſe,
They trampled haue with their fowle footings trade,
And like to troubled puddles haue them made.

Our pleaſant groues, which planted were with paines,
That with our muſick wont ſo oft to ring,
And arbors ſweet, in which the Shepheards ſwaines
Were wont ſo oft their Paſtoralls to ſing,
They haue cut downe and all their pleaſaunce mard,
That now no paſtorall is to bee hard.

In ſtead of them fowle Goblins and Shriekowles,
With fearfull howling do all places fill;
And feeble *Eccho* now laments and howles,

The dreadfull accents of their outcries ſhrill.
So all is turned into wilderneſſe,
Whileſt ignorance the Muſes doth oppreſſe.

And I whoſe ioy was earſt with Spirit full
To teach the warbling pipe to ſound aloft,
My ſpirits now diſmayd with ſorrow dull,
Doo mone my miſerie in ſilence ſoft.
Therefore I mourne and waile inceſſantly,
Till pleaſe the heauens affoord me remedy.

Therewith ſhee wayled with exceeding woe
And pitious lamentation did make,
And all her ſiſters ſeeing her doo ſoe,
With equall plaints her ſorrowe did partake.
So reſted ſhee: and then the next in rew,
Began her grieuous plaint as doth enſew.

Terpſichore.

Who ſo hath in the lap of ſoft delight
Beene long time luld, and fed with pleaſures ſweet,
Fearcles through his own fault or Fortunes ſpight,
To tumble into ſorrow and regreet,
Yf chaunce him fall into calamitie,
Findes greater burthen of his miſerie.

So wee that earſt in ioyance did abound
And in the boſome of all blis did ſit,
Like virgin Queenes with laurell garlands cround,
For vertues meed and ornament of wit.
Sith ignorance our kingdome did confound,
Bee now become moſt wretched wightes on ground:

And in our royall thrones which lately ſtood
In th'hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath placed his accurſed brood,
By him begotten of fowle infamy;
Blind Error, ſcornefull Follie, and baſe Spight,
Who hold bywrong, that wee ſhould haue by right.

They to the vulgar ſort now pipe and ſing,
And make them merrie with their fooleries,
They cherelie chaunt and rymes at randon fling,
The fruitfull ſpawne of their ranke fantaſies:
They feede the eares of fooles with flattery,
And good men blame, and lofels magnify:

All places they doo with their toyes poſſeſſe,
And raigne in liking of the multitude,
The ſchooles they fill with fond new fangleneſſe,
And ſway in Court with pride and raſhnes rude;
Mongſt ſimple ſhepheards they do boaſt their ſkill,
And ſay their muſicke matcheth *Phœbus* quill.

The noble hearts to pleaſures they allure,
And tell their Prince that learning is but vaine,
Faire Ladies loues they ſpot with thoughts impure,
And gentle mindes with lewd delights diſtaine:
Clerks they to loathly idleſnes entice,
And fill their bookes with diſcipline of vice.

So euery where they rule and tyrannize,
For their vſurped kingdomes maintenaunce,
The whiles we ſilly Maides, whom they diſprize,
And with reprochfull ſcorne diſcountenaunce,
From our owne natiue heritage exilde,
Walk through the world of euery one reuilde.

Nor

Nor anie one doth care to call vs in,
Or once vouchſafeth vs to entertaine,
Vnleſſe ſome one perhaps of gentle kin,
For pitties ſake compaſſion our paine:
And yeeld vs ſome reliefe in this diſtreſſe,
Yet to be ſo relieu'd is wretchedneſſe.

So wander we all carefull comfortleſſe,
Yet none doth care to comfort vs at all;
So ſeeke we helpe our ſorrow to redreſſe,
Yet none vouchſafes to anſwere to our call:
Therefore we mourne and pittileſſe complaine,
Becauſe none liuing pitieth our paine.

With that ſhe wept and wofullie waymented,
That naught on earth her griefe might pacifie;
And all the reſt her dolefull din augmented,
With ſhrikes and groanes and grieuous agonie.
So ended ſhee: and then the next in rew,
Began her piteous plaint as doth enſew.

Erato

Ye gentle Spirits breathing from aboue,
Where ye in *Venus* ſiluer bowre were bred,
Thoughts halfe deuine full of the fire of loue,
With beawtie kindled and with pleaſure fed,
Which ye now in ſecuritie poſſeſſe,
Forgetfull of your former heauineſſe:

Now change the tenor of your ioyous layes,
With which ye vſe your loues to deifie,
And blazon foorth ar earthlie beauties praiſe,
Aboue the compaſſe of the arched ſkie:

Now

Now change your praiſes into piteous cries,
And Eulogies turne into Elegies.

Such as ye wont whenas thoſe bitter ſtounds
Of raging loue firſt gan you to torment,
And launch your hearts with lamentable wounds
Of ſecret ſorrow and ſad languiſhment,
Before your Loues did take you vnto grace;
Thoſe now renew as fitter for this place.

For I that rule in meaſure moderate
The tempeſt of that ſtormie paſsion,
And vſe to paint in rimes the troublous ſtate
Of Louers life in liketh fashion,
Am put from practiſe of my kindlie skill,
Baniſht by thoſe that Loue with leawdnes fill.

Loue wont to be ſchoolmaſter of my skill,
And the deuicefull matter of my ſong;
Sweete Loue deuoyd of villanie or ill,
But pure and ſpotleſs as at firſt he ſprong
Out of th'Almighties boſome, where he neſts;
From thence infuſed into mortall breſts.

Such high conceipt of that celeſtiall fire,
The baſe-borne brood of blindnes cannot geſſe,
Ne euer dare their dunghill thoughts aſpire
Vnto ſo loftie pitch of perfectneſſe,
But rime at riot, and doo rage in loue;
Yet little wote what doth thereto behoue.

Faire *Cytheree* the Mother of delight,
And Queene of beautie, now thou maiſt go pack;
For lo thy Kingdome is defacd quight,

Thy ſcepter rent, and power put to wracks;
And thy gay Sonne, that winged God of Loue,
May now goe prune his plumes like ruffed Doue.

And ye three Twins to light by *Venus* brought,
The ſweete companions of the Muſes late,
From whom whatcuer thing is goodly thought
Doth borrow grace, the fancie to aggrate;
Go beg with vs, and be companions ſtill
As heretofore of good, ſo now of ill.

For neither you nor we ſhall anie more
Finde entertainment, or in Court or Schoole:
For that which was accounted heretofore
The learneds meed, is now lent to the foole,
He ſings of loue, and maketh louing layes,
And they them heare, and they them highly prayſe.

With that ſhe powred foorth a brackiſh flood
Of bitter teares, and made exceeding mone;
And all her Siſters ſeeing her ſad mood,
With lowd laments her anſwered all at one.
So ended ſhe: and then the next in rew
Began her grieuous plaint, as doth enſew.

Calliope.

To whom ſhall I my euill caſe complaine,
Or tell the anguiſh of my inward ſmart,
Sith none is left to remedie my paine,
Or deignes to pitie a perplexed hart;
But rather ſeekes my ſorrow to augment
With fowle reproach, and cruell baniſhment.

For they to whom I vſed to applie
The faithfull ſeruice of my learned skill,
The goodly off-ſpring of *Ioues* progenie,
That wont the world with famous acts to fill;
Whoſe liuing praiſes in heroïck ſtyle,
It is my chiefe profeſsion to compyle.

They all corrupted through the ruſt of time,
That doth all faireſt things on earth deface,
Or through vnnoble ſloth, or ſinfull raine,
That doth degenerate the noble race;
Haue both deſire of worthie deeds forlorne,
And name of learning vtterly doo ſcorne.

Ne doo they care to haue the aunceſtrie
Of th'old Heroës memorizde anew,
Ne doo they care that late poſteritie
Should know their names, or ſpeak their praiſes dew:
But die forgot from whence at firſt they ſprong,
As they themſelues ſhalbe forgot ere long.

What bootes it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to haue been nobly bred?
What oddes twixt *Irus* and old *Inachus*?
Twixt beſt and worſt, when both alike are ded;
If none of neither mention ſhould make,
Nor out of duſt their memories awake.

Or who would euer care to doo braue deed,
Or ſtriue in vertue others to excell;
If none ſhould yeeld him his deſerued meed,
Due praiſe, that is the ſpur of dooing well?
For if good were not praiſed more than ill,
None would chooſe goodnes of his owne freewill.

Therefore the nurſe of vertue I am hight,
And golden Trompet of eternitie,
That lowly thoughts lift vp to heauens hight,
And mortall men haue powre to deifie:
Bacchus and *Hercules* I raiſd to heauen,
And *Charlemaine*, amongſt the Starris ſeauen.

But now I will my golden Clarion rend,
And will henceforth immortalize no more:
Sith I no more finde worthie to commend
For prize of value, or for learned lore:
For noble Peeres whom I was wont to raiſe,
Now oncly ſeeke for pleaſure, nought for praiſe.

Their great reuenues all in ſumptuous pride
They ſpend, that nought to learning they may ſpare;
And the rich fee which Poets wont diuide,
Now Paraſites and Sycophants doo ſhare:
Therefore I mourne and endleſſe ſorrow make,
Both for my ſelfe and for my Siſters ſake.

With that ſhe lowdly gan to waile and ſhrike,
And from her eyes a ſea of teares did powre,
And all her ſiſters with compaſſion like,
Did more increaſe the ſharpnes of her ſhowre.
So ended ſhe: and then the next in rew
Began her plaint, as doth herein enſew.

Urania.

What wrath of Gods, or wicked influence
Of Starres conſpiring wretched men t'afflict,
Hath powrd on earth this noyous peſtilence,
That mortall mindes doth inwardly infect

With

With loue of blindneſſe and of ignorance,
To dwell in darkeneſſe without ſouerance?

What difference twixt man and beaſt is left,
When th'heauenlie light of knowledge is put out,
And th'ornaments of wiſdome are bereft?
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt,
Vnweeting of the danger hee is in,
Through fleſhes frailtie and deceipt of ſin.

In this wide world in which they wretches ſtray,
It is the onelie comfort which they haue,
It is their light, their loadſtarre and their day:
But hell and darkeneſſe and the griſlie graue
Is ignorance, the enemie of grace,
That mindes of men borne heauenlie doth debace.

Through knowledge we behold the worlds creation,
How in his cradle firſt he foſtred was;
And iudge of Natures cunning operation,
How things ſhe formed of a formeleſſe mas:
By knowledge wee do learne our ſelues to knowe,
And what to man, and what to God wee owe.

From hence wee mount aloft vnto the ſkie,
And looke into the Chriſtall firmament,
There we behold the heauens great *Hierarchie*,
The Starres pure light, the Spheres ſwift mouement,
The Spirites and Intelligences fayre,
And Angels waighting on th'Almightyes chayre.

And there with humble minde and high inſight,
Th'eternall Makers maieſtie wee viewe,
His loue, his truth, his glorie, and his might,

And mercie more than mortall men can vew.
O ſoueraigne Lord, ô ſoueraigne happineſſe
To ſee thee, and thy mercie meaſureleſſe:

Such happines haue they that doo embrace
The precepts of my heauenlie diſcipline,
But ſhame and ſorrow and accurſed caſe
Haue they, that ſcorne the ſchoole of arts diuine.
And baniſh mee which do profeſſe the skill
To make men heauenly wiſe, through humbled will.

How euer yet they mee deſpiſe and ſpight,
I feede on ſweet contentment of my thought,
And pleaſe my ſelfe with mine owne ſelfe-delight,
In contemplation of things heauenlie wrought:
So loathing earth, I looke vp to the sky,
And being driuen hence I thether fly.

Thence I behold the miſerie of men
Which want the blis that wiſedom would thē breed,
And like brute beaſts doo lie in loathſome den,
Of ghoſtly darkenes, and of gaſtlie dreed:
For whom I mourne and for my ſelfe complaine,
And for my Siſters eake whom they diſdaine.

With that ſhee wept and waild ſo pityouſlie,
As if her eyes had beene two ſpringing wells:
And all the reſt her ſorrow to ſupplie,
Did throw forth ſhrieks and cries and dreery yells.
So ended ſhee, and then the next in rew,
Began her mournfull plaint as doth enſew.

Polyhymnia.

A dolefull caſe deſires a dolefull ſong,

Without vaine art or curious complements,
And ſquallid Fortune into baſenes ſlong,
Doth ſcorne the pride of wonted ornaments.
Then fitteſt are theſe ragged rimes for mee,
To tell my ſorrowes that exceeding bee:

For the ſweet numbers and melodious meaſures,
With which I wont the winged words to tie,
And make a fruitfull Diapaſe of pleaſures,
Now being let to runne at libertie
By thoſe which haue no skill to rule them right,
Haue now quite loſt their naturall delight.

Heapes of huge words vphoorded hideouſly,
With horrid ſound though hauing little ſence,
They thinke to be chiefe praiſe of Poëtry;
And thereby wanting due intelligence,
Haue mard the face of goodly Poëſie,
And made a monſter of their fantaſie:

Whilom in ages paſt none might profeſſe
But Princes and high Prieſts that ſecret skill,
The ſacred lawes therein they wont expreſſe,
And with deepe Oracles their verſes fill:
Then was ſhee held in ſoueraigne dignitie,
And made the nourſling of Nobilitie.

But now nor Prince nor Prieſt doth her maintayne,
But ſuffer her prophaned for to beee
Of the baſe vulgar, that with hands vncleane
Dares to pollute her hidden myſterie.
And treadeth vnder foote hir holie things,
Which was the care of Keſars and of Kings.

One onelie liues, her ages ornament,
And myrrour of her Makers maieſtie;
That with rich bountie and deare cheriſhment,
Supports the praiſe of noble Poëſie:
Ne onelie fauours them which it profeſſe,
But is her ſelfe a peercles Poëtreſſe.

Moſt peereles Prince, moſt peereles Poëtreſſe,
The true *Pandora* of all heauenly graces,
Diuine *Eliſa*, ſacred Empereſſe:
Liue ſhe for euer, and her royall P'laces
Be fild with praiſes of diuineſt wits,
That her eternize with their heauenlie writs.

Some few beſide, this ſacred ſkill eſteme,
Admirers of her glorious excellence,
Which being lightned with her beawties beme,
Are thereby fild with happie influence:
And lifted vp aboue the worldes gaze,
To ſing with Angels her immortall praize.

But all the reſt as borne of ſaluage brood,
And hauing beene with Acorns alwaies fed;
Can no whit ſauour this celeſtiall food,
But with baſe thoughts are into blindneſſe led,
And kept from looking on the lightſome day:
For whome I waile and weepe all that I may.

Eftſoones ſuch ſtore of teares ſhee forth did powre,
As if ſhee all to water would haue gone;
And all her ſiſters ſeeing her ſad ſtowre,
Did weep and waile and made exceeding mone:
And all their learned inſtruments did breake,
The reſt vntold no louing tongue can ſpeake.

FINIS.

Virgils Gnat.

Long since dedicated

To the most noble and excellent Lord, the Earle of Leicester, late deceased.

VVRong'd, yet not daring to expresse my paine,
To you (great Lord) the causer of my care,
In clowdie teares my case I thus complaine
Vnto your selfe, that onely priuie are:
But if that any Oedipus *vnware*
Shall chaunce, through power of some diuining spright,
To reade the secrete of this riddle rare,
And know the purporte of my euill plight,
Let him rest pleased with his owne insight,
Ne further seeke to glose vpon the text:
For griefe enough it is to grieued wight
To feele his fault, and not be further vext.
But what so by my selfe may not be shewen,
May by this Gnatts complaint be easily knowen.

Virgils Gnat.

WE now haue playde (*Auguſtus*) wanto nly,
Tuning our ſong vnto a tender Muſe,
And like a cobweb weauing ſlenderly,
Haue onely playde: let thus much then excuſe
This Gnats ſmall Poeme, that th'whole hiſtory
Is but a ieſt, though enuie it abuſe:
But who ſuch ſports and ſweet delights doth blame,
Shall lighter ſeeme than this Gnats idle name.

Hereafter, when as ſeaſon more ſecure
Shall bring forth fruit, this Muſe ſhall ſpeak to thee
In bigger notes, that may thy ſenſe allure,
And for thy worth frame ſome fit Poeſie,
The golden offſpring of *Latona* pure,
And ornament of great *Ioues* progenie,
Phœbus ſhall be the author of my ſong,
Playing on yuorie harp with ſiluer ſtrong.

He ſhall inſpire my verſe with gentle mood
Of Poets Prince, whether he woon beſide
Faire *Xanthus* ſprincled with *Chimæras* blood;
Or in the woods of *Aſtery* abide;
Or whereas mount *Parnaſſe*, the Muſes brood,
Doth his broad forhead like two hornes diuide,
And the ſweete waues of ſounding *Caſtaly*
With liquid foote doth ſlide downe eaſily.

Wherefore ye Siſters which the glorie bee
Of the *Pierian* ſtreames, fayre *Naiades*,
Go too, and dauncing all in companie,
Adorne that God: and thou holie *Pales*,
To whome the honeſt care of huſbandrie
Returneth by continuall ſucceſſe,

Haue

Haue care for to purſue his footing light; (dight.
Throgh the wide woods,& groues,with green leaues

Profeſſing thee I lifted am aloft
Betwixt the forreſt wide and ſtarrie sky:
And thou moſt dread (*Octauius*) which oft
To learned wits giueſt courage worthily,
O come(thou ſacred childe)come ſliding ſoft,
And fauour my beginnings graciouſly:
For not theſe leaues do ſing that dreadfull ſtound,
When Giants bloud did ſtaine *Phlegræan* ground.

Nor how th'halfe horſy people,*Centaures* hight,
Fought with the bloudie *Lapithaes* at bord,
Nor how the Eaſt with tyranous deſpight
Burnt th'*Attick* towres,and people ſlew with ſword:
Nor how mount *Athos* through exceeding might
Was digged downe, nor yron bands abord
The *Pontick* ſea by their huge Nauy caſt,
My volume ſhall renowne, ſo long ſince paſt.

Nor *Helleſpont* trampled with horſes feete,
When flocking *Perſians* did the *Greeks* affray;
But my ſoft Muſe,as for her power more meete,
Delights(with *Phœbus* friendly leaue)to play
An eaſie running verſe with tender feete.
And thou (dread ſacred child)to thee alway,
Let euerlaſting lightſome glory ſtriue,
Through the worlds endles ages to ſuruiue.

And let an happie roome remaine for thee
Mongſt heauenly ranks, where bleſſed ſoules do reſt;
And let long laſting life with ioyous glee,
As thy due meede that thou deſerueſt beſt,

Virgils Gnat.

Hereafter many yeares remembred be
Amongst good men, of whom thou oft are blest;
Liue thou for euer in all happineſſe:
But let vs turne to our firſt buſineſſe.

The fiery Sun was mounted now on hight
Vp to the heauenly towers, and ſhot each where
Out of his golden Charet gliſtering light;
And fayre *Aurora* with her roſie heare,
The hatefull darknes now had put to flight,
When as the ſhepheard ſeeing day appeare,
His little Goats gan driue out of their ſtalls,
To feede abroad, where paſture beſt befalls.

To an high mountaines top he with them went,
Where thickeſt graſſe did cloath the open hills:
They now amongſt the woods and thickets ment,
Now in the valleies wandring at their wills,
Spread themſelues farre abroad through each deſcent;
Some on the ſoft greene graſſe feeding their fills;
Some clambring through the hollow cliffes on hy,
Nibble the buſhie ſhrubs, which growe thereby.

Others the vtmoſt boughs of trees doe crop,
And brouze the woodbine twigges, that freſhly bud;
This with full bit doth catch the vtmoſt top
Of ſome ſoft Willow, or new growen ſtud;
This with ſharpe teeth the bramble leaues doth lop,
And chaw the tender prickles in her Cud;
The whiles another high doth ouerlooke
Her owne like image in a chriſtall brooke.

O the great happines, which ſhepheards haue,
Who ſo loathes not too much the poore eſtate,

With

Virgils Gnat.

With minde that ill vſe doth before depraue,
Ne meaſures all things by the coſtly rate
Of riotiſe, and ſemblants outward braue;
No ſuch ſad cares, as wont to macerate
And rend the greedie mindes of couetous men,
Do euer creepe into the ſhepheards den.

Ne cares he if the fleece, which him arayes,
Be not twice ſteeped in Aſſyrian dye,
Ne gliſtering of golde, which vnderlayes
The ſummer beames, doe blinde his gazing eye.
Ne pictures beautie, nor the glauncing rayes
Of precious ſtones, whence no good commeth by;
Ne yet his cup emboſt with Imagery
Of *Bætus* or of *Alcons* vanity.

Ne ought the whelky pearles eſteemeth hee,
Which are from Indian ſeas brought far away:
But with pure breſt from carefull ſorrow free,
On the ſoft graſſe his limbs doth oft diſplay,
In ſweete ſpring time, when flowres varietie
With ſundrie colours paints the ſprincled lay;
There lying all at eaſe, from guile or ſpight,
With pype of fennie reedes doth him delight.

There he, Lord of himſelfe, with palme bedight,
His looſer locks doth wrap in wreath of vine:
There his milk dropping Goats be his delight,
And fruiteſull *Pales*, and the forreſt greene,
And darkeſome caues in pleaſaunt vallies pight,
Wheras continuall ſhade is to be ſeene,
And where freſh ſpringing wells, as chriſtall neate,
Do alwayes flow, to quench his thirſtie heate.

Virgils Gnat.

O who can lead then a more happie life,
Than he, that with cleane minde and hear ſincere,
No greedy riches knowes nor bloudie ſtrife,
No deadly fight of warlick fleete doth feare,
Ne runs in perill of foes cruell knife,
That in the ſacred temples he may reare,
A trophee of his glittering ſpoyles and treaſure,
Or may abound in riches aboue meaſure.

Of him his God is worſhipt with his ſythe,
And not with skill of craftſman poliſhed:
He ioyes in groues, and makes himſelfe full blythe,
With ſundrie flowers in wilde fieldes gathered:
Ne frankincens he from *Panchæa* buyth,
Sweete quiet harbours in his harmeles head,
And perfect pleaſure buildes her ioyous bowre,
Free from ſad cares, that rich mens hearts deuowre.

This all his care, this all his whole indeuour,
To this his minde and ſenſes he doth bend,
How he may flow in quiets matcliles treaſour,
Content with any food that God doth ſend;
And how his limbs, reſolu'd through idle leiſour,
Vnto ſweete ſleepe he may ſecurely lend,
In ſome coole ſhadow from the ſcorching heat,
The whiles his flock their chawed cuds do eate,

O flocks, O Faunes, and O ye pleaſaunt ſprings
Of *Tempe*, where the countrey Nymphs are riſe,
Through whoſe not coſtly care each ſhepheard ſings
As merrie notes vpon his ruſticke Fife,
As that *Aſtræan* bard, whoſe fame now rings
Through the wide world, and leads as ioyfull life.

Free

Free from all troubles and from worldly toyle,
In which fond men doe all their dayes turmoyle.

In ſuch delights whilſt thus his careleſſe time
This ſhepheard driues, vpleaning on his batt,
And on ſhrill reedes chaunting his ruſtick rime,
Hyperion throwing foorth his beames full hott,
Into the higheſt top of heauen gan clime,
And the world parting by an equall lott,
Did ſhed his whirling flames on either ſide,
As the great *Ocean* doth himſelfe diuide.

Then gan the ſhepheard garher into one
His ſtragling Goates, and draue them to a foord,
Whoſe cærule ſtreame, rombling in Pible ſtone,
Crept vnder moſſe as greene as any goord.
Now had the Sun halfe heauen ouergone,
When he his heard back from that water foord,
Draue from the force of *Phœbus* boyling ray,
Into thick ſhadowes, there themſelues to lay.

Soone as he them plac'd in thy ſacred wood
(O *Delian* Goddeſſe) ſaw, to which of yore
Came the bad daughter of old *Cadmus* brood,
Cruell *Agaue*, flying vengeance ſore
Of king *Nictileus* for the guiltie blood,
Which ſhe with curſed hands had ſhed before;
There ſhe halfe frantick hauing ſlaine her ſonne,
Did ſhrowd her ſelfe like puniſhment to ſhonne.

Here alſo playing on the graſſy greene,
Woodgods, and Satyres, and ſwift Dryades,
With many Fairies oft were dauncing ſeene.
Not ſo much did Dan *Orpheus* repreſſe,

The

Virgils Gnat.

The ſtreames of *Hebrus* with his ſongs I weene,
As that faire troupe of woodie Goddeſſes
Staied thee, (O *Peneus*) powring foorth to thee,
From cheereful lookes great mirth & gladſome glee.

The verie nature of the place, reſounding
With gentle murmure of the breathing ayre,
A pleaſant bowre with all delight abounding
In the freſh ſhadowe did for them prepayre,
To reſt their limbs with wearines redounding.
For firſt the high Palme trees with braunches faire,
Out of the lowly vallies did ariſe,
And high ſhoote vp their heads into the skyes.

And them amongſt the wicked Lotos grew,
Wicked, for holding guilefully away
Vlyſſes men, whom rapt with ſweetenes new,
Taking to hoſte, it quite from him did ſtay,
And eke thoſe trees, in whoſe tranſformed hew
The Sunnes ſad daughters waylde the raſh decay
Of *Phaeton*, whoſe limbs with lightening rent,
They gathering vp, with ſweete teares did lament.

And that ſame tree, in which *Demophoon*,
By his diſloyalty lamented ſore,
Eternall hurte left vnto many one:
Whom als accompanied the Oke, of yore
Through fatall charmes tranſformd to ſuch an one:
The Oke, whoſe Acornes were our foode, before
That *Ceres* ſeede of mortall men were knowne,
Which firſt *Triptoleme* taught how to be ſowne.

Here alſo grow the rougher rinded Pine,
The great *Argoan* ſhips braue ornament

Whom

Virgils Gnat.

Whom golden Fleece did make an heauenly ſigne;
Which coueting, with his high tops extent,
To make the mountaines touch the ſtarres diuine,
Decks all the forreſt with embelliſhment,
And the blacke Holme that loues the watrie vale,
And the ſweete Cypreſſe ſigne of deadly bale.

Emongſt the reſt the clambring Yuie grew,
Knitting his wanton armes with graſping hold,
Leaſt that the Poplar happely ſhould rew
Her brothers ſtrokes, whoſe boughes ſhe doth enfold
With her lythe twigs, till they the top ſurvew,
And paint with pallid greene her buds of gold.
Next did the Myrtle tree to her approach,
Not yet vnmindfull of her olde reproach.

But the ſmall Birds in their wide boughs embowring,
Chaunted their ſundrie tunes with ſweete conſent,
And vnder them a ſiluer Spring forth powring
His trickling ſtreames, a gentle murmure ſent;
Thereto the frogs, bred in the ſlimie ſcowring
Of the moiſt moores, their iarring voyces bent;
And ſhrill graſhoppers chirped them around:
All which the ayrie Echo did reſound.

In this ſo pleaſant place this Speheards flocke
Lay euerie where, their wearie limbs to reſt,
On euerie buſh, and euerie hollow rocke
Where breathe on thē the whiſtling wind mote beſt;
The whiles the Shepheard ſelf tending his ſtocke,
Sate by the fountaine ſide, in ſhade to reſt,
Where gentle ſlumbring ſleep oppreſſed him,
Diſplaid on ground, and ſeized euerie lim.

Of trecherie or traines nought tooke he keep,
But looſlie on the graſsie greene diſpredd,
His deareſt life did truſt to careles ſleep;
Which weighing down his drouping drowſie hedd,
In quiet reſt his molten heart did ſteep,
Deuoid of care, and feare of all falſhedd:
Had not inconſtant fortune, bent to ill,
Bid ſtrange miſchance his quietnes to ſpill.

For at his wonted time in that ſame place
An huge great Serpent all with ſpeckles pide,
To drench himſelfe in mooriſh ſlime did trace,
There from the boyling heate himſelfe to hide:
He paſsing by with rolling wreathed pace,
With brandiſht tongue the emptie aire did gride,
And wrapt his ſcalie boughts with fell deſpight,
That all things ſeem'd appalled at his ſight.

Now more and more having himſelfe enrolde,
His glittering breaſt he lifteth vp on hie,
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth holde;
His creſte aboue ſpotted with purple die,
On euerie ſide did ſhine like ſcalie golde,
And his bright eyes glauncing full dreadfullie,
Did ſeeme to flame out flakes of flaſhing fyre,
And with ſterne lookes to threaten kindled yre.

Thus wiſe long time he did himſelfe diſpace
There round about, when as at laſt he ſpide
Lying along before him in that place,
That flocks grand Captaine, and moſt truſtie guide:
Eftſoones more fierce in viſage, and in pace,
Throwing his firie eyes on euerie ſide,

Virgils Gnat.

He commeth on, and all things in his way
Full ſtearnly rends, that might his paſſage ſtay.

Much he diſdaines, that anie one ſhould dare
To come vnto his haunt; for which intent
He inly burns, and gins ſtraight to prepare
The weapons, which Nature to him hath lent;
Fellie he hiſſeth, and doth fiercely ſtare,
And hath his iawes with angrie ſpirits rent,
That all his tract with bloudie drops is ſtained,
And all his foldes are now in length outſtrained.

Whom thus at point prepared, to preuent,
A litle nourſling of the humid ayre,
A Gnat vnto the ſleepie Shepheard went,
And marking where his ey-lids twinckling rare,
Shewd the two pearles, which ſight vnto him lent,
Through their thin couerings appearing fayre,
His little needle there infixing deep,
Warnd him awake, from death himſelfe to keep.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely gan vpſtart,
And with his hand him raſhly bruzing, ſlewe
As in auengement of his heedles ſmart,
That ſtreight the ſpirite out of his ſenſes flew,
And life out of his members did depart:
When ſuddenly caſting aſide his vew,
He ſpide his foe with felonous intent,
And feruent eyes to his deſtruction bent.

All ſuddenly diſmaid, and hartles quight,
He fled abacke, and catching haſtie holde
Of a yong alder hard beſide him pight,
It rent, and ſtreight about him gan beholde,

What God or Fortune would aſsiſt his might.
But whether God or Fortune made him bold
Its hard to read: yet hardie will he had
To ouercome, that made him leſſe adrad.

The ſcalie backe of that moſt hideous ſnake
Enwrapped round, oft faining to retire,
And oft him to aſſaile, he fiercely ſtrake
Whereas his temples did his creaſt front tyre;
And for he was but ſlowe, did ſlowth off ſhake,
And gazing ghaſtly on (for feare and yre
Had blent ſo much his ſenſe, that leſſe he feard;)
Yet when he ſaw him ſlaine, himſelfe he cheard.

By this the night forth from the darkſome bowre
Of *Herebus* her teemed ſteedes gan eall,
And laeſie *Veſper* in his timely howre
From golden *Oeta* gan proceede withall;
Whenas the Shepheard after this ſharpe ſtowre,
Seing the doubled ſhadowes low to fall,
Gathering his ſtraying flocke, does homeward fare,
And vnto reſt his wearie ioynts prepare.

Into whoſe ſenſe ſo ſoone as lighter ſleepe
Was entered, and now looſing euerie lim,
Sweete ſlumbring deaw in careleſneſſe did ſteepe,
The Image of that Gnat appeard to him,
And in ſad tearmes gan ſorrowfully weepe,
With greiſlie countenaunce and viſage grim,
Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,
In ſteed of good haſtning his cruell fate.

Said he, what haue I wretch deſeru'd, that thus
Into this bitter bale I am outcaſt,

Virgils Gnat.

Whileſt that thy life more deare and precious
Was than mine owne, ſo long as it did laſt?
I now in lieu of paines ſo gracious,
Am toſt in th'ayre with euerie windie blaſt:
Thou ſafe deliuered from ſad decay,
Thy careles limbs in looſe ſleep doſt diſplay.

So liueſt thou, but my poore wretched ghoſt
Is forſt to ferrie ouer *Lethes* Riuer,
And ſpoyld of *Charon* too and fro am toſt.
Seeſt thou, how all places quake and quiuer
Lightned with deadly lamps on euerie poſt?
Tiſiphone each where doth ſhake and ſhiuer
Her flaming fire brond, encountring me,
Whoſe lockes vncombed cruell adders be.

And *Cerberus*, whoſe many mouthes doo bay,
And barke out flames, as if on fire he fed;
Adowne whoſe necke in terrible array,
Ten thouſand ſnakes cralling about his hed
Doo hang in heapes, that horribly affray,
And bloodie eyes doo gliſter firie red;
He oftentimes me dreadfullie doth threaten,
With painfull torments to be ſorely beaten.

Ay me, that thankes ſo much ſhould faile of meed,
For that I thee reſtor'd to life againe,
Euen from the doore of death and deadlie dreed.
Where then is now the guerdon of my paine?
Where the reward of my ſo pitieous deed?
The praiſe of pitie vaniſht is in vaine;
And th'antique faith of Iuſtice long agone
Out of the land is fled away and gone.

Virgils Gnat.

I ſaw anothers fate approaching faſt,
And left mine owne his ſafetie to tender
Into the ſame miſhap I now am caſt,
And ſhun'd deſtruction doth deſtruction render:
Not vnto him that neuer hath treſpaſt,
But puniſhment is due to the offender.
Yet let deſtruction be the puniſhment,
So long as thankfull will may it relent,

I carried am into waſte wilderneſſe,
Waſte wildernes, amongſt *Cymerian* ſhades,
Where endles paines and hideous heauineſſe
Is round about me heapt in darkſome glades.
For there huge *Othos* ſits in ſad diſtreſſe,
Faſt bound with ſerpents that him oft inuades:
Far of beholding *Ephialtes* tide,
Which once aſſai'd to burne this world ſo wide.

And there is mournfull *Tityus* mindefull yet
Of thy diſpleaſure, O *Latona* faire;
Diſpleaſure too implacable was it,
That made him meat for wild foules of the ayre:
Much do I feare among ſuch fiends to ſit;
Much do I feare back to them to repayre,
To the black ſhadowes of the *Stygian* ſhore,
Where wretched ghoſts ſit wailing euermore.

There next the vtmoſt brinck doth he abide,
That did the bankers of the Gods bewray,
Whoſe threat through thirſt to nought nigh being
His ſenſe to ſeeke for eaſe turnes euery way: (dride
And he that in aucngement of his pride,
For ſcorning to the ſacred Gods to pray,

Againſt

Againſt a mountaine rolls a mightie ſtone;
Calling in vaine for reſt, and can haue none.

Go ye with them, go curſed damoſells,
Whoſe bridale torches foule *Erynnis* tynde,
And *Hymen* at your Spouſalls ſad, foretells
Tydings of death and maſſacre vnkinde:
With them that cruell *Colchid* mother dwells,
The which conceiu'd in her reuengefull minde,
With bitter woundes her owne deere babes to ſlay,
And murdred troupes vpon great heapes to lay.

There alſo thoſe two *Pandionian* maides,
Calling on *Itis*, *Itis* euermore,
Whom wretched boy they ſlew with guiltie blades.
For whome the *Thracian* king lamenting ſore,
Turn'd to a Lapwing, fowlie them vpbraydes,
And flattering round about them ſtill does ſore:
There now they all eternally complaine
Of others wrong, and ſuffer endles paine.

But the two brethren borne of *Cadmus* blood,
Whilſt each does for the Soueraignty contend,
Blinde through ambition, and with vengeance wood
Each doth againſt the others bodie bend
His curſed ſteele, of neither well withſtood,
And with wide wounds their carcaſes doth rend;
That yet they both doe mortall foes remaine,
Sith each with brothers bloudie hand was ſlaine.

Ah (waladay) there is no end of paine,
Nor chaunge of labour may intreated bee:
Yet I beyond all theſe am carried faine,
Where other powers farre different I ſee,

And

And muſt paſſe ouer to th'*Eliſian* plaine:
There grim *Perſephone* encountring mee,
Doth vrge her fellow Furies earneſtlie,
With their bright firebronds me to terrifie.

There chaſt *Alceſte* liues inuiolate,
Free from all care, for that her husbands daies
She did prolong by changing fate for fate,
Lo there liues alſo the immortall praiſe
Of womankinde, moſt faithfull to her mate,
Penelope: and from her farre awayes
A ruleſſe rout of yongmen, which her woo'd
All ſlaine with darts, lie wallowed in their blood.

And ſad *Eurydice* thence now no more
Muſt turne to life, but there detained bee,
For looking back, being forbid before:
Yet was the guilt thereof, *Orpheus*, in thee.
Bold ſure he was, and worthie ſpirite bore,
That durſt thoſe loweſt ſhadowes goe to ſee,
And could beleeue that anie thing could pleaſe
Fell *Cerberus*, or Stygian powres appeaſe.

Ne feard the burning waues of *Phlegeton*,
Nor thoſe ſame mournfull kingdomes, compaſſed
With ruſtie horrour and fowle faſhion,
And deep digd vawtes, and Tartar couered
With bloodie might, and darke confuſion,
And iudgement ſeates, whoſe Iudge is deadlie dred,
A iudge, that after death doth puniſh ſore
The faults, which life hath treſpaſſed before.

But valiant fortune made *Dan Orpheus* bolde:
For the ſwift running riuers ſtill did ſtand,

And

Virgils Gnat.

And the wilde beasts their furie did withhold,
To follow *Orpheus* musicke through the land:
And th'Okes deep grounded in the earthly molde
Did moue, as if they could him vnderstand;
And the shrill woods, which were of sense bereau'd,
Through their hard barke his siluer sound receau'd.

And eke the Moone her hastie steedes did stay,
Drawing in teemes along the starrie skie,
And didst (ô monthly Virgin) thou delay
Thy nightly course, to heare his melodie?
The same was able with like louely lay
The Queene of hell to moue as easily,
To yeeld *Eurydice* vnto her fere,
Backe to be borne, though it vnlawfull were.

She (Ladie) hauing well before approoued,
The teends to be too cruell and seuere,
Obseru'd th'appointed way, as her behooued,
Ne euer did her ey-sight turne arere,
Ne euer spake, ne cause of speaking mooued:
But cruell *Orpheus*, thou much crueller,
Seeking to kisse her, brok'st the Gods decree,
And thereby mad'st her euer damn'd to be.

Ah but sweete loue of pardon worthie is,
And doth deserue to haue small faults remitted;
If Hell at least things lightly done amis
Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted:
Yet are ye both receiued into blis,
And to the seates of happie soules admitted.
And you, beside the honourable band
Of great Heroës doo in order stand.

There be the two ſtout ſonnes of *Aeacus*,
Fierce *Peleus*, and the hardie *Telamon*,
Both ſeeming now full glad and ioyeous
Through their Syres dreadfull iuriſdiction,
Being the Iudge of all that horrid hous:
And both of them by ſtrange occaſion,
Renown'd in choyce of happie marriage
Through *Venus* grace, and vertues cariage.

For th'one was rauiſht of his owne bondmaide,
The faire *Ixione* captiu'd from *Troy*:
But th'other was with *Thetis* loue aſſaid,
Great *Nereus* his daughter, and his ioy.
On this ſide them there is a yongman layd,
Their match in glorie, mightie, fierce and coy:
That from th'Argolick ſhips, with furious yre,
Bett back the furie of the Troian fyre.

O who would not recount the ſtrong diuorces
Of that great warre, which Troianes oft behelde,
And oft beheld the warlike Greekiſh forces,
When *Teucrian* ſoyle with bloodie riuers ſwelde,
And wide *Sigæan* ſhores were ſpred with corſes,
And *Simois* and *Xanthus* blood outwelde,
Whilſt *Hector* raged with outragious minde,
Flames, weapõs, woũds in *Greeks* fleete to haue tynde.

For *Ida* ſelfe, in ayde of that fierce fight,
Out of her mountaines miniſtred ſupplies,
And like a kindly nourſe, did yeeld (for ſpight)
Store of firebronds out of her nourſeries,
Vnto her foſter children, that they might
Inflame the Nauie of their enemies,

And all the *Rhetæan* ſhore to aſhes turne,
Where lay the ſhips, which they did ſeeke to burne.

Gainſt which the noble ſonne of *Telamon*
Oppoſd' himſelfe, and thwarting his huge ſhield,
Them battell bad, gainſt whom appeard anon
Hector, the glorie of the *Troian* field:
Both fierce and furious in contention
Encountred, that their mightie ſtrokes ſo ſhrild,
As the great clap of thunder, which doth ryue
The ratling heauens, and cloudes aſunder dryue.

So th'one with fire and weapons did contend
To cut the ſhips, from turning home againe
To *Argos*, th'other ſtroue for to defend
The force of *Vulcane* with his might and maine.
Thus th'one *Aeacide* did his fame extend:
But th'other ioy'd, that on the *Phrygian* playne
Hauing the blood of vanquiſht *Hector* ſhedd,
He compaſt *Troy* thrice with his bodie dedd.

Againe great dole on either partie grewe,
That him to death vnfaithfull *Paris* ſent;
And alſo him that falſe *Vlyſſes* ſlewe,
Drawne into danger through cloſe ambuſhment:
Therefore from him *Laërtes* ſonne his vewe
Doth turne aſide, and boaſts his good euent
In working of *Strymonian Rhæſus* fall,
And eſte in *Dolons* ſlye ſurpryſall.

Againe the dreadfull *Cycones* him diſmay,
And blacke *Læſtrigones*, a people ſtout:
Then greedie *Scilla*, vnder whom there bay
Manie great bandogs, which her gird about:

Then doo the *Aetnean* Cyclops him affray,
And deep *Charybdis* gulphing in and out:
Laſtly the ſqualid lakes of *Tartarie*,
And grieſly Feends of hell him terrifie.

There alſo goodly *Agamemnon* boſts,
The glorie of the ſtock of *Tantalus*,
And famous light of all the Greekiſh hoſts,
Vnder whoſe conduct moſt victorious,
The *Dorick* flames conſum'd the *Iliack* poſts.
Ah but the *Greekes* themſelues more dolorous,
To thee, ô *Troy*, paid penaunce for thy fall,
In th'*Helleſpont* being nigh drowned all.

Well may appeare by proofe of their miſchaunce,
The chaungfull turning of mens ſlipperie ſtate,
That none, whom fortune freely doth aduaunce,
Himſelfe therefore to heauen ſhould eleuate:
For loftie type of honour through the glaunce
Of enuies dart, is downe in duſt proſtrate;
And all that vaunts in worldly vanitie,
Shall fall through fortunes mutabilitie.

Th'*Argolicke* power returning home againe,
Enricht with ſpoyles of th'*Ericthonian* towre,
Did happie winde and weather entertaine,
And with good ſpeed the fomie billowes ſcowre:
No ſigne of ſtorme, no feare of future paine,
Which ſoone enſued them with heauie ſtowre.
Nereïs to the Seas a token gaue,
The whiles their crooked keeles the ſurges claue.

Suddenly, whether through the Gods decree,
Or hapleſſe riſing of ſome froward ſtarre,

Virgils Gnat.

The heauens on euerie ſide enclowded bee:
Black ſtormes and fogs are blowen vp from farre,
That now the Pylote can no loadſtarre ſee,
But skies and ſeas doo make moſt dreadfull warre;
The billowe ſtriuing to the heauens to reach,
And th'heauens ſtriuing them for to impeach.

And in auengement of their bold attempt,
Both Sun and ſtarres and all the heauenly powres
Conſpire in one to wreake their raſh contempt,
And downe on them to fall from higheſt towres:
The skie in pieces ſeeming to be rent,
Throwes lightning forth, & haile, & harmful ſhowres
That death on euerie ſide to them appeares
In thouſand formes, to worke more ghaſtly feares.

Some in the greedie flouds are ſunke and drent,
Some on the rocks of *Caphareus* are throwne;
Some on th'*Euboick* Cliffs in pieces rent;
Some ſcattred on the *Hercæan* ſhores vnknowne;
And manie loſt, of whom no moniment
Remaines, nor memorie is to be ſhowne:
Whilſt all the purchaſe of the *Phrigian* pray
Toſt on ſalt billowes, round about doth ſtray.

Here manie other like Heroës bee,
Equall in honour to the former crue,
Whom ye in goodly ſeates may placed ſee,
Deſcended all from *Rome* by linage due,
From *Rome*, that holds the world in ſouereigntie,
And doth all Nations vnto her ſubdue:
Here *Fabij* and *Decij* doo dwell,
Horatij that in vertue did excell.

And here the antique fame of ſtout *Camill*
Doth euer liue, and conſtant *Curtius*,
Who ſtifly bent his vowed life to ſpill
For Countreyes health, a gulph moſt hideous
Amidſt the Towne with his owne corps did fill,
T'appeaſe the powers; and prudent *Mutius*,
Who in his fleſh endur'd the ſcorching flame,
To daunt his foe by enſample of the ſame.

And here wiſe *Curius*, companion
Of noble vertues, liues in endles reſt;
And ſtout *Flaminius*, whoſe deuotion
Taught him the fires ſcorn'd furie to deteſt;
And here the praiſe of either *Scipion*
Abides in higheſt place aboue the beſt,
To whom the ruin'd walls of *Carthage* vow'd,
Trembling their forces, ſound their praiſes lowd.

Liue they for euer through their laſting praiſe:
But I poore wretch am forced to retourne
To the ſad lakes, that *Phœbus* ſunnie rayes
Doo neuer ſee, where ſoules doo alwaies mourne,
And by the wayling ſhores to waſte my dayes,
Where *Phlegeton* with quenchles flames doth burne;
By which iuſt *Minos* righteous ſoules doth ſeuer
From wicked ones, to liue in bliſſe for euer.

Me therefore thus the cruell fiends of hell
Girt with long ſnakes, and thouſand yron chaynes,
Through doome of that their cruell Iudge, compell
With bitter torture and impatient paines,
Cauſe of my death, and iuſt complaint to tell.
For thou art he, whom my poore ghoſt complaines

To be the author of her ill vnwares,
That careles hear'ſt my intollerable cares.

Them therefore as bequeathing to the winde,
I now depart, returning to thee neuer,
And leaue this lamentable plaint behinde.
But doo thou haunt the ſoft downe rolling riuer,
And wilde greene woods, and fruitful paſtures minde,
And let the flitting aire my vaine words ſeuer.
Thus hauing ſaid, he heauily departed
With piteous crie, that anie would haue ſmarted.

Now, when the ſloathfull fit of lifes ſweete reſt
Had left the heauie Shepheard, wondrous cares
His inly grieued minde full ſore oppreſt;
That balefull ſorrow he no longer beares,
For that Gnats death, which deeply was impreſt:
But bends what euer power his aged yeares
Him lent, yet being ſuch, as through their might
He lately ſlue his dreadfull foe in fight.

By that ſame Riuer lurking vnder greene,
Eftſoones he gins to faſhion forth a place,
And ſquaring it in compaſſe well beſeene,
There plotteth out a tombe by meaſured ſpace:
His yron headed ſpade tho making cleene,
To dig vp ſods out of the flowrie graſſe,
His worke he ſhortly to good purpoſe brought,
Like as he had conceiu'd it in his thought.

An heape of earth he hoorded vp on hie,
Encloſing it with banks on euerie ſide,
And thereupon did raiſe full buſily
A little mount, of greene turffs edifide;

And

And on the top of all, that passers by
Might it behold, the toomb he did prouide
Of smootheſt marble ſtone in order ſet,
That neuer might his luckie ſcape forget.

And round about he taught ſweete flowres to growe,
The Roſe engrained in pure ſcarlet die,
The Lilly freſh, and Violet belowe,
The Marigolde, and cherefull Roſemarie,
The *Spartan* Mirtle, whence ſweet gumb does flowe,
The purple Hyacinthe, and freſh Coſtmarie,
And Saffron ſought for in *Cilician* ſoyle,
And Lawrell th'ornament of *Phœbus* toyle.

Freſh *Rhododaphne*, and the *Sabine* flowre
Matching the wealth of th'auncient Frankincence,
And pallid Yuie building his owne bowre,
And Box yet mindfull of his olde offence,
Red *Amaranthus*, luckleſſe Paramour,
Oxeye ſtill greene, and bitter Patience;
Ne wants there pale *Narciſſe*, that in a well
Seeing his beautie, in loue with it fell,

And whatſoeuer other flowre of worth,
And whatſo other herb of louely hew
The ioyous Spring out of the ground brings forth,
To cloath her ſelfe in colours freſh and new;
He planted there, and reard a mount of earth,
In whoſe high front was writ as doth enſue.

To thee, ſmall Gnat, in lieu of his life ſaued,
The Shepheard hath thy deaths record engraued.

FINIS.

PROSOPOPOIA.

Or

Mother Hubberds Tale.

By Ed. Sp.

Dedicated to the right Honorable the Ladie *Compton* and *Mountegle.*



London.

Imprinted for *VVilliam Ponsonbie*, dwelling in Paules Churchyard at the signe of *the Bishops head.*

1591.

To the right Honourable, the Ladie *Compton* and *Mountegle*.

MOst faire and vertuous Ladie; hauing often ſought opportunitie by ſome good meanes to make knowen to your Ladiſhip, the humble affection and faithfull duetie, which I haue alwaies profeſſed, and am bound to beare to that Houſe, from whence yee ſpring, I haue at length found occaſion to remẽber the ſame, by making a ſimple preſent to you of theſe my idle labours; which hauing long ſithens compoſed in the raw conceipt of my youth, I lately amongſt other papers lighted vpon, and was by others, which liked the ſame, mooued to ſet thẽ foorth. Simple is the deuice, and the compoſition meane, yet carrieth ſome delight, enen the rather becauſe of the ſimplicitie & meanneſſe thus perſonated. The ſame I beſeech your Ladiſhip

take in good part, as a pledge of that profeſſion which I haue made to you, and keepe with you vntill with ſome other more worthie labour, I do redeeme it out of your hands, and diſcharge my vtmoſt dutie. Till then wiſhing your Ladiſhip all increaſe of honour and happineſſe, I humblie take leaue.

Your La: euer

humbly;

Ed. Sp.

Prosopopoia; or
Mother Hubberds Tale.

IT was the month, in which the righteous Maide,
That for disdaine of sinfull worlds vpbraide,
Fled back to heauen, whence she was first cõceiued,
Into her siluer bowre the Sunne receiued;
And the hot *Syrian* Dog on him awayting,
After the chafed Lyons cruell bayting,
Corrupted had th'ayre with his noysome breath,
And powr'd on th'earth plague, pestilence, and death.
Emongst the rest a wicked maladie
Raign'd emongst men, that manie did to die,
Depriu'd of sense and ordinarie reason;
That it to Leaches seemed strange and geason.
My fortune was mongst manie others moe,
To be partaker of their common woe;
And my weake bodie set on fire with griefe,
Was rob'd of rest, and naturall reliefe.
In this ill plight, there came to visite mee
Some friends, who sorie my sad case to see,
Began to comfort me in chearfull wise,
And meanes of gladsome solace to deuise.
But seeing kindly sleep refuse to doe
His office, and my feeble eyes forgoe,
They sought my troubled sense how to deceaue
With talke, that might vnquiet fancies reaue;
And sitting all in seates about me round,
With pleasant tales (fit for that idle stound)
They cast in course to waste the wearie howres:
Some tolde of Ladies, and their Paramoures;
Some of braue Knights, and their renowned Squires;
Some of the Faeries and their strange attires;

And ſome of Giaunts hard to be beleeued,
That the delight thereof me much releeued.
Amongſt the reſt a good old woman was,
Hight Mother *Hubberd*, who did farre ſurpas
The reſt in honeſt mirth, that ſeem'd her well:
She when her turne was come her tale to tell,
Tolde of a ſtrange aduenture, that betided
Betwixt the Foxe and th'Ape by him miſguided;
The which for that my ſenſe it greatly pleaſed,
All were my ſpirite heauie and diſeaſed,
Ile write in termes, as ſhe the ſame did ſay,
So well as I her words remember may.
No Muſes aide me needes heretoo to call;
Baſe is the ſtyle, and matter meane withall.

¶ Whilome (ſaid ſhe) before the world was ciuill,
The Foxe and th'Ape diſliking of their euill
And hard eſtate, determined to ſeeke
Their fortunes farre abroad, lyeke with his lyeke:
For both were craftie and vnhappie witted;
Two fellowes might no where be better fitted.
The Foxe, that firſt this cauſe of griefe did finde,
Gan firſt thus plaine his caſe with words vnkinde.
Neighbour Ape, and my Goſhip eke beſide,
(Both two ſure bands in friendſhip to be tide,)
To whom may I more truſtely complaine
The euill plight, that doth me ſore conſtraine,
And hope thereof to finde due remedie?
Heare then my paine and inward agonie.
Thus manie yeares I now haue ſpent and worne,
In meane regard, and baſeſt fortunes ſcorne,
Dooing my Countrey ſeruice as I might,
No leſſe I dare ſaie than the prowdeſt wight;

And ſtill I hoped to be vp aduaunced,
For my good parts; but ſtill it hath miſchaunced.
Now therefore that no lenger hope I ſee,
But froward fortune ſtill to follow mee,
And loſels lifted vp on high, where I did looke,
I meane to turne the next leafe of the booke.
Yet ere that anie way I doo betake,
I meane my Goſsip priuie firſt to make.
Ah my deare Goſsip, (anſwer'd then the Ape,)
Deeply doo your ſad words my wits awhape,
Both for becauſe your griefe doth great appeare,
And eke becauſe my ſelfe am touched neare:
For I likewiſe haue waſted much good time,
Still wayting to preferment vp to clime,
Whileſt others alwayes haue before me ſtept,
And from my beard the fat away haue ſwept;
That now vnto deſpaire I gin to growe
And meane for better winde about to throwe.
Therefore to me, my truſtie friend, aread
Thy councell: two is better than one head.
Certes (ſaid he) I meane me to diſguize
In ſome ſtraunge habit, after vncouth wize,
Or like a Pilgrime, or a Lymiter,
Or like a *Gipſen*, or a Iuggeler,
And ſo to wander to the worlds ende,
To ſeeke my fortune, where I may it mend:
For worſe than that I haue, I cannot meete.
Wide is the world I wote, and euerie ſtreete
Is full of fortunes, and aduentures ſtraunge,
Continuallie ſubiect vnto chaunge.
Say my faire brother now, if this deuice
Doth like you, or may you to like entice,

Surely

Surely (ſaid th'Ape) it likes me wondrous well;
And would ye not poore fellowſhip expell,
My ſelfe would offer you t'accompanie
In this aduentures chauncefull icopardie.
For to wexe olde at home in idleneſſe,
Is diſaduentrous, and quite fortuneleſſe:
Abroad where change is, good may gotten bee.
The Foxe was glad, and quickly did agree:
So both reſolu'd, the morrow next enſuing,
So ſoone as day appeared to peoples vewing,
On their intended iourney to proceede;
And ouer night, whatſo thereto did neede,
Each did prepare, in readines to bee.
The morrow next, ſo ſoone as one might ſee
Light out of heauens windowes forth to looke,
Both their habiliments vnto them tooke,
And put themſelues (a Gods name) on their way.
Whenas the Ape beginning well to wey
This hard aduenture, thus began t'aduiſe;
Now read Sir Reynold, as ye be right wiſe,
What courſe ye weene is beſt for vs to take,
That for our ſelues we may a liuing make.
Whether ſhall we profeſſe ſome trade or skill?
Or ſhall we varie our deuice at will,
Euen as new occaſion appeares?
Or ſhall we vie our ſelues for certaine yeares
To anie ſeruice, ot to anie place?
For it behoues ere that into the race
We enter, to reſolue firſt hereupon.
Now ſurely brother (ſaid the Foxe anon)
Ye haue this matter motioned in ſeaſon:
For euerie thing that is begun with reaſon

Will

Mother Hubberds Tale.

Will come by readie meanes vnto his end;
But things miſcounſelled muſt needs miſwend.
Thus therefore I aduize vpon the caſe,
That not to anie certaine trade or place,
Nor anie man we ſhould our ſelues applie;
For why ſhould he that is at libertie
Make himſelfe bond? ſith then we are free borne,
Let vs all ſeruile baſe ſubiection ſcorne;
And as we bee ſonnes of the world ſo wide,
Let vs our fathers heritage diuide,
And chalenge to our ſelues our portions dew
Of all the patrimonie, which a few
Now hold in hugger mugger in their hand,
And all the reſt doo rob of good and land.
For now a few haue all and all haue nought,
Yet all be brethren ylike dearly bought:
There is no right in this partition,
Ne was it ſo by inſtitution
Ordained firſt, ne by the law of Nature,
But that ſhe gaue like bleſsing to each creture
As well of worldly liuelode as of life,
That there might be no difference nor ſtrife,
Nor ought cald mine or thine: thrice happie then
Was the condition of mortall men.
That was the golden age of *Saturne* old,
But this might better be the world of gold:
For without golde now nothing wilbe got.
Therefore (if pleaſe you) this ſhalbe our plot,
We will not be of anie occupation,
Let ſuch vile vaſſalls borne to baſe vocation
Drudge in the world, and for their liuing droyle
Which haue no wit to liue withouten toyle.

But we will walke about the world at pleasure
Like two free men, and make our case a treasure.
Free men some beggers call, but they be free,
And they which call them so more beggers bee:
For they doo swinke and sweate to feed the other,
Who liue like Lords of that which they doo gather,
And yet doo neuer thanke them for the same,
But as their due by Nature doo it clame.
Such will we fashion both our selues to bee,
Lords of the world, and so will wander free
Where so vs listeth, vncontrol'd of anie
Hard is our hap, if we (emongst so manie)
Light not on some that may our state amend;
Sildome but some good commeth ere the end.
Well seemd the Ape to like this ordinaunce:
Yet well considering of the circumstaunce,
As pausing in great doubt awhile he staid,
And afterwards with graue aduizement said;
I cannot my lief brother like but well
The purpose of the complot which ye tell:
For well I wot (compar'd to all the rest
Of each degree) that Beggers life is best:
And, they that thinke themselues the best of all,
Oft-times to begging are content to fall.
But this I wot withall that we shall ronne
Into great daunger like to bee vndonne.
Thus wildly to wander in the worlds eye,
Without pasport or good warrantie,
For feare least we like rogues should be reputed,
And for eare marked beasts abroad be bruted:
Therefore I read, that we our counsells call,
How to preuent this mischiefe ere it fall,

And how we may with moſt ſecuritie,
Beg amongſt thoſe that beggers doo defie.
Right well deere Goſsip ye aduized haue,
(Said then the Foxe) but I this doubt will ſaue:
For ere we farther paſſe, I will deuiſe
A paſport for vs both in fitteſt wize,
And by the names of Souldiers vs protect;
That now is thought a ciuile begging ſect.
Be you the Souldier, for you likeſt are
For manly ſemblance, and ſmall skill in warre:
I will but wayte on you, and as occaſion
Falls out, my ſelfe fit for the ſame will faſhion.
The Paſport ended, both they forward went,
The Ape clad Souldierlike, fit for th'intent,
In a blew iacket with a croſſe of redd
And manie ſlits, as if that he had ſhedd
Much blood throgh many wounds therein receaued,
Which had the vſe of his right arme bereaued;
Vpon his head an old Scotch cap he wore,
With a plume feather all to peeces tore:
His breeches were made after the new cut,
Al Portugeſe, looſe like an emptie gut;
And his hoſe broken high aboue the heeling,
And his ſhooes beaten out with traueling.
But neither ſword nor dagger he did beare,
Seemes that no foes reuengement he did feare;
In ſtead of them a handſome bat he held,
On which he leaned, as one farre in elde.
Shame light on him, that through ſo falſe illuſion,
Doth turne the name of Souldiers to abuſion,
And that, which is the nobleſt myſterie,
Brings to reproach and common infamie.

Long they thus trauailed, yet neuer met
Aduenture, which might them a working set:
Yet manie waies they sought, and manie tryed;
Yet for their purposes none fit espyed.
At last they chaunst to meete vpon the way
A simple husbandman in garments gray;
Yet though his vesture were but meane and bace,
A good yeoman he was of honest place,
And more for thrift did care than for gay clothing:
Gay without good, is good hearts greatest loathing.
The Foxe him spying, bad the Ape him dight
To play his part, for loe he was in sight,
That (if he er'd not) should them entertaine,
And yeeld them timely profite for their paine.
Eftsoones the Ape himselfe gan vp to reare,
And on his shoulders high his bat to beare,
As if good seruice he were fit to doo;
But little thrift for him he did it too:
And stoutly forward he his steps did straine,
That like a handsome swaine it him became:
When as they nigh approached, that good man
Seeing them wander loosly, first began
T'enquire of custome, what and whence they were?
To whom the Ape, I am a Souldiere,
That late in warres haue spent my deerest blood,
And in long seruice lost both limbs and good,
And now constrain'd that trade to ouergine,
I driuen am to seeke some meanes to liue:
Which might it you in pitie please t'afford.
I would be readie both in deed and word,
To doo you faithfull seruice all my dayes.
This yron world (that same he weeping sayes)

Brings downe the ſtowteſt hearts to loweſt ſtate:
For miſerie doth braueſt mindes abate,
And make them ſeeke for that they wont to ſcorne,
Of fortune and of hope at once forlorne.
The honeſt man, that heard him thus complaine,
Was grieu'd, as he had felt part of his paine;
And well diſpoſd him ſome reliefe to ſhowe,
Askt if in husbandrie he ought did knowe,
To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to ſowe,
To hedge, to ditch, to thraſh, to thetch, to mowe;
Or to what labour els he was prepar'd?
For husbands life is labourous and hard.
Whenas the Ape him hard ſo much to talke
Of labour, that did from his liking balke,
He would haue ſlipt the collet handſomly,
And to him ſaid; good Sir, full glad am I,
To take what paines may anie liuing wight:
But my late maymed limbs lack wonted might
To doo their kindly ſeruices, as needeth;
Scarce this right hand the mouth with diet feedeth,
So that it may no painfull worke endure,
Ne to ſtrong labour can it ſelfe enure.
But if that anie other place you haue,
Which askes ſmall paines, but thriftines to ſaue,
Or care to ouerlooke, or truſt to gather,
Ye may me truſt as your owne ghoſtly father.
With that the husbandman gan him auize
That it for him were fitteſt exerciſe;
Cattell to keep, or grounds to ouerſee;
And asked him, if he could willing bee
To keep his ſheep, or to attend his ſwyne,
Or watch his mares, or take his charge of kyne?

Gladly (ſaid he) what euer ſuch like paine
Ye put on me, I will the ſame ſuſtaine:
But gladlieſt I of your fleecie ſheepe
(Might it you pleaſe) would take on me the keep.
For ere that vnto armes I me betooke,
Vnto my fathers ſheepe I vſde to looke,
That yet the skill thereof I haue not loſte:
Thereto right well this Curdog by my coſte
(Meaning the Foxe) will ſerue, my ſheepe to gather,
And driue to follow after their Belwether.
The Husbandman was meanly well content,
Triall to make of his endeuourment,
And home him leading, lent to him the charge
Of all his flocke, with libertie full large,
Giuing accompt of th'annuall increace
Both of their lambes, and of their woolley fleece.
Thus is this Ape become a ſhepheard ſwaine
And the falſe Foxe his dog (God giue them paine)
For ere the yeare haue halfe his courſe out-run,
And doo returne from whence he firſt begun,
They ſhall him make an ill accompt of thrift.
Now whenas Time flying with wings ſwift,
Expired had the terme, that theſe two iauels
Should render vp a reckning of their trauels
Vnto their maſter, which it of them ſought,
Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,
Ne wiſt what anſwere vnto him to frame,
Ne how to ſcape great puniſhment, or ſhame,
For their falſe treaſon and vile theeuerie.
For not a lambe of all their flockes ſupply
Had they to ſhew: but euer as they bred,
They ſlue them, and vpon their fleſhes fed:

For that diſguiſed Dog lou'd blood to ſpill,
And drew the wicked Shepheard to his will.
So twixt them both they not a lambkin left,
And when lambes fail'd, the old ſheepes liues they reft;
That how t'acquite themſelues vnto their Lord,
They were in doubt, and flatly ſet abord.
The Foxe then counſel'd th'Ape, for to require
Reſpite till morrow, t'anſwere his deſire:
For times delay new hope of helpe ſtill breeds.
The goodman granted, doubting nought their deeds,
And bad, next day that all ſhould readie be.
But they more ſubtill meaning had than he:
For the next morrowes meed they cloſely ment,
For feare of afterclaps for to preuent.
And that ſame euening, when all ſhrowded were
In careles ſleep, they without care or feare,
Cruelly fell vpon their flock in folde,
And of them ſlew at pleaſure what they wolde:
Of which whenas they feaſted had their fill,
For a full complement of all their ill,
They ſtole away, and tooke their haſtie flight,
Carried in clowdes of all-concealing night.
So was the husbandman left to his loſſe,
And they vnto their fortunes change to toſſe.
After which ſort they wandered long while,
Abuſing manie through their cloaked guile;
That at the laſt they gan to be deſcryed
Of euerie one, and all their ſleights eſpyed.
So as their begging now them failed quyte;
For none would giue, but all men would them wyte:
Yet would they take no paines to get their liuing,
But ſeeke ſome other way to gaine by giuing,

Much

Much like to begging but much better named;
For manie beg, which are thereof aſhamed.
And now the Foxe had gotten him a gowne,
And th'Ape a caſſocke ſidelong hanging downe;
For they their occupation meant to change,
And now in other ſtate abroad to range:
For ſince their ſouldiers pas no better ſpedd,
They forg'd another, as for Clerkes booke-redd.
Who paſsing foorth, as their aduentures tell,
Through manie haps, which needs not here to tell;
At length chaunſt with a formall Prieſt to meete,
Whom they in ciuill manner firſt did greete,
And after askt an almes for Gods deare loue.
The man ſtraight way his choler vp did moue,
And with reproachfull tearmes gan them reuile,
For following that trade ſo baſe and vile;
And askt what licenſe, or what Pas they had?
Ah (ſaid the Apes ſighing wondrous ſad)
Its an hard caſe, when men of good deſeruing
Muſt either driuen be perforce to ſtetuing,
Or asked for their pas by euerie ſquib,
That liſt at will them to reuile or ſnib:
And yet (God wote) ſmall oddes I often ſee
Twixt them that aske, and them that asked bee.
Natheles becauſe you ſhall not vs miſdeeme,
But that we are as honeſt as we ſeeme,
Yee ſhall our paſport at your pleaſure ſee,
And then ye will (I hope) well mooued bee.
Which when the Prieſt beheld, he vew'd it nere,
As if therein ſome text he ſtudying were,
But little els (God wote) could thereof skill:
For read he could not euidence, nor will,

Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,
Ne make one title worse, ne make one better:
Of such deep learning little had he neede,
Ne yet of Latine, ne of Greeke, that breede
Doubts mongst Diuines, and difference of texts,
From whence arise diuersitie of sects,
And hatefull heresies, of God abhor'd:
But this good Sir did follow the plaine word,
Ne medled with their controuersies vaine;
All his care was, his seruice well to saine,
And to read Homelies vpon holidayes:
When that was done, he might attend his playes;
An easie life, and fit high God to please.
He hauing ouerlookt their pas at ease,
Gan at the length them to rebuke againe,
That no good trade of life did entertaine,
But lost their time in wandring loose abroad,
Seeing the world, in which they bootles boad,
Had wayes enough for all therein to liue;
Such grace did God vnto his creatures giue.
Said then the Foxe; who hath the world not tride:
From the right way full eath may wander wide.
We are but Nouices, new come abroad,
We haue not yet the tract of anie troad,
Nor on vs taken anie state of life,
But readie are of anie to make preife. (proued,
Therefore might please you, which the world haue
Vs to aduise, which forth but lately moued,
Of some good course, that we might vndertake;
Ye shall for euer vs your bondmen make.
The Priest gan wexe halfe proud to be so praide,
And thereby willing to affoord them aide;

It seemes (said he) right well that ye be Clerks,
Both by your wittie words, and by your werks.
Is not that name enough to make a living
To him that hath a whit of Natures giuing?
How manie honest men see ye arize
Daylie thereby, and grow to goodly prize?
To Deanes, to Archdeacons, to Commissaries,
To Lords, to Principalls, to Prebendaries;
All iolly Prelates, worthie rule to beare,
Who euer them enuie: yet spite bites neare.
Why should ye doubt then, but that ye likewise
Might vnto some of those in time arise?
In the meane time to liue in good estate,
Louing that loue, and hating those that hate;
Being some honest Curate, or some Vicker
Content with little in condition sicker.
Ah but (said th'Ape) the charge is wondrous great,
To feed mens soules, and hath an heauie threat.
To feede mens soules (quoth he) is not in man:
For they must feed themselues, doo what we can:
We are but charg'd to lay the meate before:
Eate they that list, we need to doo no more.
But God it is that feedes them with his grace,
The bread of life powr'd downe from heauenly place.
Therefore said he, that with the budding rod
Did rule the Iewes, *All shalbe taught of God.*
That same hath Iesus Christ now to him raught,
By whom the flock is rightly fed, and taught:
He is the Shepheard, and the Priest is hee;
We but his shepheard swaines ordain'd to bee.
Therefore herewith doo not your selfe dismay;
Ne is the paines so great, but beare ye may;

For

For not ſo great as it was wont of yore,
It's now a dayes, ne halfe ſo ſtreight and ſore:
They whilome vſed duly euerie day
Their ſeruice and their holie things to ſay,
At morne and euen, beſides their Anthemes ſweete,
Their penie Maſſes, and their Complynes meete,
Their Dirges, their Trentals, and their ſhrifts,
Their memories, their ſingings, and their gifts.
Now all thoſe needleſſe works are laid away;
Now once a weeke vpon the Sabbath day,
It is enough to doo our ſmall deuotion,
And then to follow any merrie motion.
Ne are we tyde to faſt, but when we liſt,
Ne to weare garments baſe of wollen twiſt,
But with the fineſt ſilkes vs to aray,
That before God we may appeare more gay,
Reſembling *Aarons* glorie in his place:
For farre vnfit it is, that perſon bace
Should with vile cloaths approach Gods maieſtie,
Whom no vncleannes may approachen nie:
Or that all men, which anie maſter ſerue,
Good garments for their ſeruice ſhould deſerue:
But he that ſerues the Lord of hoaſts moſt high,
And that in higheſt place, t'approach him nigh,
And all the peoples prayers to preſent
Before his throne, as on ambaſſage ſent
Both too and fro, ſhould not deſerue to weare
A garment better, than of wooll or heare.
Beſide we may haue lying by our ſides
Our louely Laſſes, or bright ſhining Brides:
We be not tyde to wilfull chaſtitie,
But haue the Goſpell of free libertie.

By that he ended had his ghoſtly ſermon,
The Foxe was well induc'd to be a Parſon:
And of the Prieſt eftſoones gan to enquire,
How to a Benefice he might aſpire.
Marie there (ſaid the Prieſt) is arte indeed.
Much good deep learning one thereout may reed,
For that the ground-worke is, and end of all,
How to obtaine a Beneficiall.
Firſt therefore, when ye haue in handſome wiſe
Your ſelfe attyred, as you can deuiſe,
Then to ſome Noble man your ſelfe applye,
Or other great one in the worldes eye,
That hath a zealous diſpoſition
To God, and ſo to his religion:
There muſt thou faſhion eke a godly zeale,
Such as no carpers may contrayte reueale:
For each thing fained, ought more warie bee.
There thou muſt walke in ſober grauitee,
And ſeeme as Saintlike as Saint *Radegund*:
Faſt much, pray oft, looke lowly on the ground,
And vnto euerie one doo curteſie meeke:
Theſe lookes (nought ſaying) doo a benefice ſeeke,
And be thou ſure one not to lacke or long.
But if thee liſt vnto the Court to throng,
And there to hunt after the hoped pray,
Then muſt thou thee diſpoſe another way:
For there thou needs muſt learne, to laugh, to lie,
To face, to forge, to ſcoffe, to companie,
To crouche, to pleaſe, to be a beetle ſtock
Of thy great Maſters will, to ſcorne, or mock:
So maiſt thou chaunce mock out a Benefice,
Vnleſſe thou canſt one coniure by deuice,

Mother Hubberds Tale.

Or caſt a figure for a Biſhoprick:
And if one could, it were but a ſchoole-trick.
Theſe be the wayes, by which without reward
Liuings in Court be gotten, though full hard.
For nothing there is done without a fee:
The Courtier needes muſt recompenced bee
With a Beneuolence, or haue in gage
The *Primitias* of your Parſonage:
Scarſe can a Biſhoprick forpas them by,
But that it muſt be gelt in priuitie.
Doo not thou therefore ſeeke a liuing there,
But of more priuate perſons ſeeke elſwhere,
Whereas thou maiſt compound a better penie,
Ne let thy learning queſtion'd be of anie.
For ſome good Gentleman that hath the right
Vnto his Church for to preſent a wight,
Will cope with thee in reaſonable wiſe;
That if the liuing yerely doo ariſe
To fortie pound, that then his yongeſt ſonne
Shall twentie haue, and twentie thou haſt wonne:
Thou haſt it wonne, for it is of franke gift,
And he will care for all the reſt to ſhift;
Both that the Biſhop may admit of thee,
And that therein thou maiſt maintained bee.
This is the way for one that is vnlern'd
Liuing to get, and not to be diſcern'd.
But they that are great Clerkes, haue nearer wayes,
For learning ſake to liuing them to raiſe:
Yet manie eke of them (God wote) are driuen,
To accept a Benefice in peeces riuen.
How ſaiſt thou (friend) haue I not well diſcourſt
Vpon this Cõmon place (though plaine, not wourſt)?

Better a ſhort tale, than a bad long ſhriuing.
Needes anie more to learne to get a liuing?
Now ſure and by my hallidome (quoth he)
Ye a great maſter are in your degree:
Great thankes I yeeld you for your diſcipline,
And doo not doubt, but duly to encline
My wits thereto, as ye ſhall ſhortly heare.
The Prieſt him wiſht good ſpeed, and well to fare.
So parted they, as eithers way them led.
But th'Ape and Foxe ere long ſo well them ſped,
Through the Prieſts holeſome counſell lately tought,
And throgh their own faire handling wiſely wrought,
That they a Benefice twixt them obtained;
And craftie Reynold was a Prieſt ordained;
And th'Ape his Pariſh Clarke procur'd to bee.
Then made they reuell route and goodly glee.
But ere long time had paſſed, they ſo ill
Did order their affaires, that th'euill will
Of all their Pariſhners they had conſtraind;
Who to the Ordinarie of them complain'd,
How fowlie they their offices abuſd',
And them of crimes and hereſies accuſd';
That Purſuants he often for them ſent:
But they neglected his commaundement.
So long perſiſted obſtinate and bolde,
Till at the length he publiſhed to holde
A Viſitation, and them cyted thether:
Then was high time their wits about to geather;
What did they then, but made a compoſition
With their next neighbor Prieſt for light condition,
To whom their liuing they reſigned quight
For a few pence, and ran away by night.

So

So paſsing through the Countrey in diſguize,
They fled farre off, where none might them ſurprize,
And after that long ſtraied here and there,
Through euerie field and forreſt farre and nere;
Yet neuer found occaſion for their tourne,
But almoſt ſteru'd, did much lament and mourne.
At laſt they chaunſt to meete vpon the way
The Mule, all deckt in goodly rich aray,
With bells and boſſes, that full lowdly rung,
And coſtly trappings, that to ground downe hung.
Lowly they him ſaluted in meeke wiſe;
But he through pride and fatnes gan deſpiſe
Their meaneſſe; ſcarce vouchſafte them to requite.
Whereat the Foxe deep groning in his ſprite,
Said, Ah ſir Mule, now bleſſed be the day,
That I ſee you ſo goodly and ſo gay
In your attyres, and eke your ſilken hyde
Fil'd with round fleſh, that euerie bone doth hide.
Seemes that in fruitfull paſtures ye doo liue,
Or fortune doth you ſecret fauour giue.
Fooliſh Foxe (ſaid the Mule) thy wretched need
Praiſeth the thing that doth thy ſorrow breed.
For well I weene, thou canſt not but enuie
My wealth, compar'd to thine owne miſerie,
That art ſo leane and meagre waxen late,
That ſcarſe thy legs vphold thy feeble gate.
Ay me (ſaid then the Foxe) whom euill hap
Vnworthy in ſuch wretchednes doth wrap,
And makes the ſcorne of other beaſts to bee:
But read (faire Sir, of grace) from whence come yee?
Or what of tidings you abroad doo heare?
Newes may perhaps ſome good vnweeting beare.

From

Mother Hubberds Tale.

From royall Court I lately came (ſaid he)
Where all the brauerie that eye may ſee,
And all the happineſſe that heart deſire,
Is to be found; he nothing can admire,
That hath not ſeene that heauens portracture:
But tidings there is none I you aſſure,
Saue that which common is, and knowne to all,
That Courtiers as the tide doo riſe and fall.
But tell vs (ſaid the Ape) we doo you pray,
Who now in Court doth beare the greateſt ſway.
That if ſuch fortune doo to vs befall,
We may ſeeke fauour of the beſt of all.
Marie (ſaid he) the higheſt now in grace,
Be the wilde beaſts, that ſwifteſt are in chaſe;
For in their ſpeedie courſe and nimble flight
The Lyon now doth take the moſt delight:
But chieflie, ioyes on foote them to beholde,
Enchaſte with chaine and circulet of golde:
So wilde a beaſt ſo tame ytaught to bee,
And buxome to his bands is ioy to ſee.
So well his golden Circlet him beſeemeth:
But his late chayne his Liege vnmeete eſteemeth;
For ſo braue beaſts ſhe loueth beſt to ſee,
In the wilde forreſt raunging freſh and free.
Therefore if fortune thee in Court to liue,
In caſe thou euer there wilt hope to thriue,
To ſome of theſe thou muſt thy ſelfe apply:
Els as a thiſtle-downe in th'ayre doth flie,
So vainly ſhalt thou too and fro be toſt,
And looſe thy labour and thy fruitles coſt.
And yet full few, which follow them I ſee,
For vertues bare regard aduaunced bee,

Mother Hubberds Tale.

But either for ſome gainfull benefit,
Or that they may for their owne turnes be fit.
Nath'les perhaps ye things may handle ſoe,
That ye may better thriue than thouſands moe.
But (ſaid the Ape) how ſhall we firſt come in,
That after we may fauour ſeeke to win?
How els (ſaid he) but with a good bold face,
And with big words, and with a ſtately pace,
That men may thinke of you in generall,
That to be in you, which is not all:
For not by that which is, the world now deemeth,
(As it was wont) but by that ſame that ſeemeth.
Ne do I doubt, but that ye well can faſhion
Your ſelues theretoo, according to occaſion:
So fare ye well, good Courtiers may ye bee;
So proudlie neighing from them parted hee.
Then gan this craftie couple to deuize,
How for the Court themſelues they might aguize:
For thither they themſelues meant to addreſſe,
In hope to finde there happier ſucceſſe,
So well they ſhifted, that the Ape anon
Himſelfe had cloathed like a Gentleman,
And the ſlie Foxe, as like to be his groome,
That to the Court in ſeemly ſort they come.
Where the fond Ape himſelfe vprearing hy
Vpon his tiptoes, ſtalketh ſtately by,
As if he were ſome great *Magnifico*,
And boldlie doth amongſt the boldeſt go.
And his man Reynold with fine counterfeſaunce
Supports his credite and his countenaunce.
Then gan the Courtiers gaze on euerie ſide,
And ſtare on him, with big lookes baſen wide,

Wondring what miſter wight he was, and whence:
For he was clad in ſtrange accouſtrements,
Faſhion'd with queint deuiſes neuer ſeene
In Court before, yet there all faſhions beene:
Yet he them in newfangleneſſe did pas:
But his behauiour altogether was
Alla Turcheſca, much the more admyr'd,
And his lookes loftie, as if he aſpyr'd
To dignitie, and ſdeign'd the low degree;
That all which did ſuch ſtrangeneſſe in him ſee,
By ſecrete meanes gan of his ſtate enquire,
And priuily his ſeruant thereto hire:
Who throughly arm'd againſt ſuch couerture,
Reported vnto all, that he was ſure
A noble Gentleman of high regard,
Which through the world had with long trauel far'd,
And ſeene the manners of all beaſts on ground;
Now here arriu'd, to ſee if like he found.
Thus did the Ape at firſt him credit gaine,
Which afterwards he wiſely did maintaine
With gallant ſhowe, and daylie more augment
Through his fine feates and Courtly complement;
For he could play, and daunce, and vaute, and ſpring,
And all that els pertaines to reueling,
Onely through kindly aptnes of his ioynts.
Beſides he could doo manie other poynts,
The which in Court him ſerued to good ſtead:
For he mongſt Ladies could their fortunes read
Out of their hands, and merie leaſings tell,
And iuggle finely, that became him well:
But he ſo light was at legier demaine,
That what he toucht, came not to light againe;

Yet

Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly looke,
And tell them, that they greatly him miſtooke.
So would he ſcoffe them out with mockerie,
For he therein had great felicitie:
And with ſharp quips ioy'd others to deface,
Thinking that their diſgracing did him grace:
So whilſt that other like vaine wits he pleaſed,
And made to laugh, his heart was greatly eaſed.
But the right gentle minde would bite his lip,
To heare the Iauell ſo good men to nip:
For though the vulgar yeeld an open eare.
And common Courtiers loue to gybe and fleare
At euerie thing, which they heare ſpoken ill,
And the beſt ſpeaches with ill meaning ſpill;
Yet the braue Courtier, in whoſe beauteous thought
Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
Doth loath ſuch baſe condition, to backbite
Anies good name for enuie or deſpite:
He ſtands on tearmes of honourable minde,
Ne will be carried with the common winde
Of Courts inconſtant mutabilitie,
Ne after euerie tattling fable flie;
But heares, and ſees the follies of the reſt,
And thereof gathers for himſelfe the beſt:
He will not creepe, nor crouche with fained face,
But walkes vpright with comely ſtedfaſt pace,
And vnto all doth yeeld due curteſie;
But not with kiſſed hand belowe the knee,
As that ſame Apiſh crue is wont to doo:
For he diſdaines himſelfe t'embaſe theretoo;
He hates fowle leaſings, and vile flatterie,
Two filthie blots in noble Gentrie;

And lothefull idlenes he doth deteſt,
The canker worme of euerie gentle breſt;
The which to baniſh with faire exerciſe
Of knightly feates, he daylie doth deuiſe:
Now menaging the mouthes of ſtubborne ſteedes,
Now practiſing the proofe of warlike deedes,
Now his bright armes aſſaying, now his ſpeare,
Now the nigh aymed ring away to beare;
At other times he caſts to ſew the chace
Of ſwift wilde beaſts, or runne on foote a race, (full)
T'enlarge his breath (large breath in armes moſt need-
Or els by wreſtling to wex ſtrong and heedfull,
Or his ſtiffe armes to ſtretch with Eughen bowe,
And manly legs, ſtill paſsing too and fro,
Without a gowned beaſt him faſt beſide;
A vaine enſample of the *Perſian* pride,
Who after he had wonne th' *Aſſyrian* foe,
Did euer after ſcorne on foote to goe.
Thus when this Courtly Gentleman with toyle
Himſelfe hath wearied, he doth recoyle
Vnto his reſt, and there with ſweete delight
Of Muſicks skill reuiues his toyled ſpright,
Or els with Loues, and Ladies gentle ſports,
The ioy of youth, himſelfe he recomforts:
Or laſtly, when the bodie liſt to pauſe,
His minde vnto the Muſes he withdrawes;
Sweete Ladie Muſes, Ladies of delight,
Delights of life, and ornaments of light:
With whom he cloſe confers with wiſe diſcourſe,
Of Natures workes, of heauens continuall courſe,
Of forreine lands, of people different,
Of kingdomes change, of diuers gouernment,

Mother Hubberds Tale.

Of dreadfull battailes of renowmed Knights;
With which he kindleth his ambitious ſprights
To like deſire and praiſe of noble fame,
The onely vpſhot whereto he doth ayme:
For all his minde on honour fixed is,
To which he leuels all his purpoſis,
And in his Princes ſeruice ſpends his dayes,
Not ſo much for to gaine, or for to raiſe
Himſelfe to high degree, as for his grace,
And in his liking to winne worthie place;
Through due deſerts and comely carriage,
In whatſo pleaſe employ his perſonage,
That may be matter meete to gaine him praiſe;
For he is fit to vſe in all aſſayes,
Whether for Armes and warlike-amenaunce,
Or elſe for wiſe and ciuill gouernaunce.
For he is practiz'd well in policie,
And thereto doth his Courting moſt applie:
To learne the enterdeale of Princes ſtrange,
To marke th'intent of Counſells, and the change
Of ſtates, and eke of priuate men ſomewhile,
Supplanted by fine falſhood and faire guile;
Of all the which he gathereth, what is fit
T'enrich the ſtorehouſe of his powerfull wit,
Which through wiſe ſpeaches, and graue conference
He daylie eekes, and brings to excellence.
Such is the rightfull Courtier in his kinde:
But vnto ſuch the Ape lent not his minde;
Such were for him no fit companions,
Such would deſcrie his lewd conditions:
But the yong luſtie gallants he did choſe
To follow, meete to whom he might diſcloſe

His witlesse pleasance, and ill pleasing vaine.
A thousand wayes he them could entertaine,
With all the thriftles games, that may be found
With mumming and with masking all around,
With dice, with cards, with balliards farre vnfit,
With shuttelcocks. misseeming manlie wit,
With courtizans, and costly riotize,
Whereof still somewhat to his share did rize:
Ne, them to pleasure, would he sometimes scorne
A Pandares coate (so basely was he borne);
Thereto he could fine louing verses frame,
And play the Poet oft. But ah, for shame
Let not sweete Poets praise, whose onely pride
Is vertue to aduaunce, and vice deride,
Be with the worke of losels wit defamed,
Ne let such verses Poetrie be named:
Yet he the name on him would rashly take,
Maugre the sacred Muses, and it make
A seruant to the vile affection
Of such, as he depended most vpon,
And with the sugrie sweete thereof allure
Chast Ladies eares to fantasies impure.
To such delights the noble wits he led
Which him relieu'd, and their vaine humours fed
With fruitles follies, and vnsound delights.
But if perhaps into their noble sprights
Desire of honor, or braue thought of armes
Did euer creepe, then with his wicked charmes
And strong conceipts he would it driue away,
Ne suffer it to house there halfe a day.
And whenso loue of letters did inspire
Their gentle wits, and kindly wise desire,

That

That chieflie doth each noble minde adorne,
Then he would ſcoffe at learning, and eke ſcorne
The Sectaries thereof, as people baſe
And ſimple men, which neuer came in place
Of worlds affaires, but in darke corners mewd,
Muttred of matters, as their bookes them ſhewd,
Ne other knowledge euer did attaine,
But with their gownes their grauitie maintaine.
From them he would his impudent lewde ſpeach
Againſt Gods holie Miniſters oft reach,
And mocke Diuines and their profeſsion:
What elſe then did he by progreſsion,
But mocke high God himſelfe, whom they profeſſe?
But what car'd he for God, or godlineſſe?
All his care was himſelfe how to aduaunce,
And to vphold his courtly countenaunce
By all the cunning meanes he could deuiſe;
Were it by honeſt wayes, or otherwiſe,
He made ſmall choyce: yet ſure his honeſtie
Got him ſmall gaines, but ſhameles flatterie,
And filthie brocage, and vnſeemly ſhifts,
And borowe baſe, and ſome good Ladies gifts:
But the beſt helpe, which chiefly him ſuſtain'd,
Was his man Raynolds purchaſe which he gain'd.
For he was ſchool'd by kinde in all the skill
Of cloſe conueyance, and each practiſe ill
Of cooſinage and cleanly knauerie,
Which oft maintain'd his maſters brauerie.
Beſides he vſde another ſlipprie ſlight,
In taking on himſelfe in common ſight,
Falſe perſonages fit for euerie ſted,
With which he thouſands cleanly cooſined:

Now

Now like a Merchant, Merchants to deceaue,
With whom his credite he did often leaue
In gage, for his gay Maſters hopeleſſe dett:
Now like a Lawyer, when he land would lett,
Or ſell fee-ſimples in his Maſters name,
Which he had neuer, nor ought like the ſame:
Then would he be a Broker, and draw in
Both wares and money, by exchange to win:
Then would he ſeeme a Farmer, that would ſell
Bargaines of woods, which he did lately fell,
Or corne, or cattle, or ſuch other ware,
Thereby to cooſin men not well aware;
Of all the which there came a ſecret fee
To th'Ape, that he his countenaunce might bee.
Beſides all this, he vſd' oft to beguile
Poore ſuters, that in Court did haunt ſome while:
For he would learne their buſines ſecretly,
And then informe his Maſter haſtely,
That he by meanes might caſt them to preuent,
And beg the ſute, the which the other ment.
Or otherwiſe falſe Reynold would abuſe
The ſimple Suter, and wiſh him to chuſe
His Maſter, being one of great regard
In Court, to compas anie ſute not hard,
In caſe his paines were recompenſt with reaſon:
So would he worke the ſilly man by treaſon
To buy his Maſters friuolous good will,
That had not power to doo him good or ill.
So pitifull a thing is Suters ſtate.
Moſt miſerable man, whom wicked fate
Hath brought to Court, to ſue for had ywiſt,
That few haue found, and manie one hath miſt;

Full

Mother Hubberds Tale.

Full little knoweſt thou that haſt not tride,
What hell it is,in ſuing long to bide:
To looſe good dayes,that might be better ſpent;
To waſt long nights in penſiue diſcontent;
To ſpeed to day,to be put back to morrow;
To feed on hope,to pine with feare and ſorrow;
To haue thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres;
To haue thy asking,yet waite manie yeeres;
To fret thy ſoule with croſſes and with cares;
To eate thy heart through comfortleſſe diſpaires;
To fawne,to crowche,to waite,to ride,to ronne,
To ſpend,to giue,to want,to be vndonne.
Vnhappie wight,borne to deſaſtrous end,
That doth his life in ſo long tendance ſpend.
Who euer leaues ſweete home,where meane eſtate
In ſafe aſſurance, without ſtrife or hatē,
Findes all things needfull for contentment meeke;
And will to Court for ſhadowes vaine to ſeeke,
Or hope to gaine,himſelfe will a daw trie:
That curſe God ſend vnto mine enemie.
For none but ſuch as this bold Ape vnbleſt,
Can euer thriue in that vnluckie queſt;
Or ſuch as hath a Reynold to his man,
That by his ſhifts his Maſter furniſh can.
But yet this Foxe could not ſo cloſely hide
His craftie feates,but that they were deſcride
At length,by ſuch as ſate in iuſtice ſeate,
Who for the ſame him fowlie did entreate:
And hauing worthily him puniſhed,
Out of the Court for euer baniſhed.
And now the Ape wanting his huckſter man,
That wont prouide his neceſſaries, gan

To growe into great lacke, ne could vpholde
His countenaunce in thoſe his garments oldes;
Ne new ones could he eaſily prouide,
Though all men him vncaſed gan deride,
Like as a Puppit placed in a play,
Whoſe part once paſt all men bid take away:
So that he driuen was to great diſtreſſe,
And ſhortly brought to hopeleſſe wretchedneſſe.
Then cloſely as he might he caſt to leaue
The Court, not asking any paſſe or leaue;
But ran away in his rent rags by night,
Ne euer ſtayd in place, ne ſpake to wight,
Till that the Foxe his copeſmate he had found,
To whome complayning his vnhappy ſtound,
At laſt againe with him in trauell ioynd,
And with him far'd ſome better chaunce to fynde.
So in the world long time they wandered,
And mickle want and hardneſſe ſuffered;
That them repented much ſo fooliſhly
To come ſo farre to ſeeke for miſery,
And leaue the ſweetnes of contented home,
Though eating hipps, and drinking watry ſome.
Thus as they them complayned too and fro,
Whilſt through the foreſt rechleſſe they did goe,
Lo where they ſpide, how in a gloomy glade,
The Lyon ſleeping lay in ſecret ſhade,
His Crowne and Scepter lying him beſide,
And hauing doft for heate his dreadfull hide:
Which when they ſawe, the Ape was ſore afrayde,
And would haue fled with terror all diſmayde.
But him the Foxe with hardy words did ſtay,
And bad him put all cowardize away:

For now was time (if euer they would hope)
To ayme their counſels to the faireſt ſcope,
And them for euer highly to aduaunce,
In caſe the good which their owne happie chaunce
Them freely offred, they would wiſely take.
Scarſe could the Ape yet ſpeake, ſo did he quake,
Yet as he could, he askt how good might growe,
Where nought but dread & death do ſeeme in ſhow.
Now (ſayd he) whiles the Lyon ſleepeth ſound,
May we his Crowne and Mace take from the ground,
And eke his skinne the terror of the wood,
Wherewith we may our ſelues (if we thinke good)
Make Kings of Beaſts, and Lords of foreſts all,
Subiect vnto that powre imperiall.
Ah but (ſayd the Ape) who is ſo bold a wretch,
That dare his hardy hand to thoſe outſtretch:
When as he knowes his meede, if he be ſpide,
To be a thouſand deathes, and ſhame beſide?
Fond Ape (ſayd then the Foxe) into whoſe breſt
Neuer crept thought of honor, nor braue geſt,
Who will not venture life a King to be,
And rather rule and raigne in ſouetaign ſee,
Than dwell in duſt inglorious and bace,
Where none ſhall name the number of his place?
One ioyous houre in bliſſfull happines,
I choſe before a life of wretchednes.
Be therefore counſelled herein by me,
And ſhake off this vile harted cowardree:
If he awake, yet is not death the next,
For we may coulor it with ſome pretext
Of this, or that, that may excuſe the cryme:
Elſe we may flye; thou to a tree mayſt clyme,

And I creepe vnder ground; both from his reach:
Therefore be rul'd to doo as I doo teach.
The Ape, that earſt did nought but chill and quake,
Now gan ſome courage vnto him to take,
And was content to attempt that enterpriſe,
Tickled with glorie and raſh couetiſe.
But firſt gan queſtion, whither ſhould aſſay
Thoſe royall ornaments to ſteale away?
Marie that ſhall your ſelfe (quoth he theretoo)
For ye be fine and nimble it to doo;
Of all the beaſts which in the forreſts bee,
Is not a fitter for this turne than yee:
Therefore, mine owne deare brother take good hart,
And euer thinke a Kingdome is your part.
Loath was the Ape, though praiſed, to aduenter,
Yet faintly gan into his worke to enter,
Afraid of euerie leafe, that ſtir'd him by,
And euerie ſtick, that vnderneath did ly;
Vpon his tiptoes nicely he vp went,
For making noyſe, and ſtill his eare he lent
To euerie ſound, that vnder heauen blew;
Now wēt, now ſtept, now crept, now backward drew,
That it good ſport had been him to haue eyde:
Yet at the laſt (ſo well he him applyde,)
Through his fine handling, and cleanly play,
He all thoſe royall ſignes had ſtolne away,
And with the Foxes helpe them borne aſide,
Into a ſecret corner vneſpide.
Whether whenas they came, they fell at words,
Whether of them ſhould be the Lord of Lords:
For th'Ape was ſtryfull, and ambicious;
And the Foxe guilefull, and moſt couetous,

That

Mother Hubberds Tale.

That neither pleaſed was, to haue the rayne
Twixt them diuided into euen twaine,
But either (algates) would be Lords alone:
For Loue and Lordſhip bide no paragone.
I am moſt worthie (ſaid the Ape) ſith I
For it did put my life in ieopardie:
Thereto I am in perſon, and in ſtature
Moſt like a man, the Lord of euerie creature,
So that it ſeemeth I was made to raigne,
And borne to be a Kingly ſoueraigne.
Nay (ſaid the Foxe) Sir Ape you are aſtray:
For though to ſteale the Diademe away
Were the worke of your nimble hand, yet I
Did firſt deuiſe the plot by pollicie;
So that it wholly ſpringeth from my wit:
For which alſo I claime my ſelfe more fit
Than you, to rule: for gouernment of ſtate
Will without wiſedome ſoone be ruinate.
And where ye claime your ſelfe for outward ſhape
Moſt like a man, Man is not like an Ape
In his chiefe parts, that is, in wit and ſpirite;
But I therein moſt like to him doo merite
For my ſlie wyles and ſubtill craftineſſe,
The title of the Kingdome to poſſeſſe.
Nath'les (my brother) ſince we paſſed are
Vnto this point, we will appeaſe our iarre,
And I with reaſon meete will reſt content,
That ye ſhall haue both crowne and gouernment,
Vpon condition, that ye ruled bee
In all affaires, and counſelled by mee;
And that ye let none other euer drawe
Your minde from me, but keepe this as a lawe:

And hereupon an oath vnto me plight.
The Ape was glad to end the ſtrife ſo light,
And thereto ſwore: for who would not oft ſweare,
And oft vnſweare a Diademe to beare?
Then freely vp thoſe royall ſpoyles he tooke,
Yet at the Lyons skin he inly quooke;
But it diſſembled, and vpon his head
The Crowne, and on his backe the skin he did,
And the falſe Foxe him helped to array.
Then when he was all dight he tooke his way
Into the foreſt, that he might be ſeene
Of the wilde beaſts in his new glory ſheene.
There the two firſt, whome he encountred, were
The Sheepe and th'Aſſe, who ſtriken both with feare
At ſight of him, gan faſt away to flye,
But vnto them the Foxe alowd did cry,
And in the Kings name bad them both to ſtay,
Vpon the payne that thereof follow may.
Hardly naythles were they reſtrayned ſo,
Till that the Foxe forth toward them did goe,
And there diſſwaded them from needleſſe feare,
For that the King did fauour to them beare;
And therefore dreadles bad them come to Corte:
For no wild beaſts ſhould do them any torte
There or abroad, ne would his maieſtye
Vſe them but well, with gracious clemencye,
As whome he knew to him both faſt and true;
So he perſwaded them, with homage due
Themſelues to humble to the Ape proſtrate,
Who gently to them bowing in his gate,
Receyued them with chearefull entertayne.
Thenceforth proceeding with his princely trayne,

He ſhortly met the Tygre, and the Bore,
Which with the ſimple Camell raged ſore
In bitter words, ſeeking to take occaſion,
Vpon his fleſhly corpſe to make inuaſion:
But ſoone as they this mock-King did eſpy,
Their troublous ſtrife they ſtinted by and by,
Thinking indeed that it the Lyon was:
He then to proue, whether his powre would pas
As currant, ſent the Foxe to them ſtreight way,
Commaunding them their cauſe of ſtrife bewray;
And if that wrong on eyther ſide there were,
That he ſhould warne the wronger to appeare
The morrow next at Court, it to defend;
In the meane time vpon the King t'attend.
The ſubtile Foxe ſo well his meſſage ſayd,
That the proud beaſts him readily obayd:
Whereby the Ape in wondrous ſtomack woxe,
Strongly encorag'd by the crafty Foxe;
That King indeed himſelfe he ſhortly thought,
And all the Beaſts him feared as they ought:
And followed vnto his palaice hye;
Where taking Couge, each one by and by
Departed to his home in dreadfull awe,
Full of the feared ſight, which late they ſawe.
The Ape thus ſeized of the Regall throne,
Eftſones by counſell of the Foxe alone,
Gan to prouide for all things in aſſurance,
That ſo his rule might lenger haue endurance.
Firſt to his Gate he pointed a ſtrong gard,
That none might enter but with iſſue hard:
Then for the ſafegard of his perſonage,
He did appoint a warlike equipage

Of

Of forreine beasts,not in the foreſt bred,
But part by land,and part by water fed;
For tyrannie is with ſtrange ayde ſupported.
Then vnto him all monſtrous beaſts reſorted
Bred of two kindes,as Griffons,Minotaures,
Crocodiles,Dragons,Beauers,and Centaures:
With thoſe himſelfe he ſtrengthned mightelie,
That feare he neede no force of enemie.
Then gan he rule and tyrannize at will,
Like as the Foxe did guide his graceles skill,
And all wylde beaſts made vaſſals of his pleaſures,
And with their ſpoyles enlarg'd his priuate treaſures.
No care of iuſtice,nor no rule of reaſon,
No temperance,nor no regard of ſeaſon
Did thenceforth euer enter in his minde,
But crueltie, the ſigne of curriſh kinde,
And ſdeignfull pride,and wilfull arrogaunce;
Such followes thoſe whom fortune doth aduaunce.
But the falſe Foxe moſt kindly plaid his part:
For whatſoeuer mother wit,or arte
Could worke,he put in proofe: no practiſe ſlie,
No counterpoint of cunning policie,
No reach,no breach,that might him profit bring,
But he the ſame did to his purpoſe wring.
Nought ſuffered he the Ape to giue or graunt,
But through his hand muſt paſſe the Fraunt.
All offices,all leaſes by him lept,
And of them all whatſo he likte,he kept.
Iuſtice he ſolde iniuſtice for to buy,
And for to purchaſe for his progeny.
Ill might it proſper,that ill gotten was,
But ſo he got it,little did he pas.

He

Mother Hubberds Tale.

He fed his cubs with fat of all the soyle,
And with the sweete of others sweating toyle,
He crammed them with crumbs of Benefices,
And fild their mouthes with meeds of malefices,
He cloathed them with all colours saue white,
And loded them with lordships and with might,
So much as they were able well to beare,
That with the weight their backs nigh broken were:
He chaffred Chayres in which Churchmen were set,
And breach of lawes to priuie ferme did let:
No statute so established might bee,
Nor ordinaunce so needfull, but that hee
Would violate, though not with violence,
Yet vnder colour of the confidence
The which the Ape reposd' in him alone,
And reckned him the kingdomes corner stone.
And euer when he ought would bring to pas,
His long experience the platforme was:
And when he ought not pleasing would put by,
The cloke was care of thrift, and husbandry,
For to encrease the common treasures store;
But his owne treasure he encreased more
And lifted vp his loftie towres thereby,
That they began to threat the neighbour sky;
The whiles the Princes pallaces fell fast
To ruine: (for what thing can euer last?)
And whilest the other Peeres, for pouertie
Were forst their anncient houses to let lie,
And their olde Castles to the ground to fall,
Which their forefathers famous ouer all
Had founded for the Kingdomes ornament,
And for their memories long moniment.

But he no count made of Nobilitie,
Nor the wilde beasts whom armes did glorifie,
The Realmes chiefe strength & girlõd of the crowne.
All these through fained crimes he thrust adowne,
Or made them dwell in darknes of disgrace:
For none, but whom he list might come in place.
Of men of armes he had but small regard,
But kept them lowe, and streigned verie hard.
For men of learning little he esteemed;
His wisedome he aboue their learning deemed.
As for the rascall Commons least he cared;
For not so common was his bountie shared;
Let God (said he) if please, care for the manie,
I for my selfe must care before els anie:
So did he good to none, to manie ill,
So did he all the kingdome rob and pill,
Yet none durst speake, ne none durst of him plaine;
So great he was in grace, and rich through gaine.
Ne would he anie let to haue accesse
Vnto the Prince, but by his owne addresse:
For all that els did come, were sure to faile,
Yet would he further none but for auaile.
For on a time the Sheepe, to whom of yore
The Foxe had promised of friendship store,
What time the Ape the kingdome first did gaine,
Came to the Court, her case there to complaine,
How that the Wolfe her mortall enemie
Had sithence slaine her Lambe most cruellie;
And therefore crau'd to come vnto the King,
To let him knowe the order of the thing.
Soft Gooddie Sheepe (then said the Foxe) not soe:
Vnto the King so rash ye may not goe,

He *is* with greater matter busied,
Than a Lambe, or the Lambes owne mothers hed.
Ne certes may I take it well in part,
That ye my cousin Wolfe so sowly thwart,
And seeke with slaunder his good name to blot:
For there was cause, els doo it he would not.
Therefore surcease good Dame, and hence depart.
So went the Sheepe away with heauie hart.
So manie moe, so euerie one was vled,
That to giue largely to the boxe refused.
Now when high *Ioue*, in whose almightie hand
The care of Kings, and power of Empires stand,
Sitting one day within his turret hye,
From whence he vewes with his blacklidded eye,
Whatso the heauen in his wide vawte containes,
And all that in the deepest earth remaines,
And troubled kingdome of wilde beasts beholde,
Whom not their kindly Souereigne did welde,
But an vsurping Ape with guile suborn'd,
Had all subuerst, he sdeignfully it scorn'd
In his great heart, and hardly did refraine,
But that with thunder bolts he had him slaine,
And driuen downe to hell, his dewest meed:
But him auizing, he that dreadfull deed
Forbore, and rather chose with scornfull shame
Him to auenge, and blot his brutish name
Vnto the world, that neuer after anie
Should of his race be voyd of infamie:
And his false counsellor, the cause of all,
To damne to death, or dole perpetuall,
From whence he neuer should be quit, nor stal'd.
Forthwith he *Mercurie* vnto him cal'd,

And bad him flie with neuer reſting ſpeed
Vnto the forreſt, where wilde beaſts doo breed,
And there enquiring priuily, to learne,
What did of late chaunce to the Lyon ſtearne,
That he rul'd not the Empire, as he ought;
And whence were all thoſe plaints vnto him brought
Of wrongs and ſpoyles, by ſaluage beaſts committed;
Which done, he bad the Lyon be remitted
Into his ſeate, and thoſe ſame treachours vile
Be puniſhed for their preſumptuous guile.
The Sonne of *Maia* ſoone as he receiu'd
That word, ſtreight with his azure wings he cleau'd
The liquid clowdes, and lucid firmament;
Ne ſtaid, till that he came with ſteep deſcent
Vnto the place, where his preſcript did ſhowe.
There ſtouping like an arrowe from a bowe,
He ſoft arriued on the graſsie plaine,
And fairly paced forth with eaſie paine,
Till that vnto the Pallace nigh he came.
Then gan he to himſelfe new ſhape to frame,
And that faire face, and that Ambroſiall hew,
Which wonts to decke the Gods immortall crew,
And beautefie the ſhinie firmament,
He doſt, vnfit for that rude rabblement.
So ſtanding by the gates in ſtrange diſguize,
He gan enquire of ſome in ſecret wize,
Both of the King, and of his gouernment,
And of the Foxe, and his falſe blandiſhment:
And euermore he heard each one complaine
Of foule abuſes both in realme and raine.
Which yet to proue more true, he meant to ſee,
And an ey-witnes of each thing to bee.

Tho on his head his dreadfull hat he dight,
Which maketh him inuiſible in ſight,
And mocketh th'eyes of all the lookers on,
Making them thinke it but a viſion. (ſwerds;
Through power of that, he runnes through enemies
Through powet of that, he paſſeth through the herds
Of rauenous wilde beaſts, and doth beguile
Their greedie mouthes of the expected ſpoyle;
Through power of that, his cunning theeueries
He wonts to worke, that none the ſame eſpies;
And through the power of that, he putteth on,
What ſhape he liſt in apparition.
That on his head he wore, and in his hand
He tooke *Caduceus* his ſnakie wand,
With which the damned ghoſts he gouerneth,
And furies rules, and Tartare tempereth.
With that he cauſeth ſleep to ſeize the eyes,
And feare the harts of all his enemyes;
And when him liſt, an vniuerſall night
Throughout the world he makes on euerie wight;
As when his Syre with *Alcumena* lay.
Thus dight, into the Court he tooke his way,
Both through the gard, which neuer him deſcride,
And through the watchmen, who him neuer ſpide:
Thenceforth he paſt into each ſecrete part,
Whereas he ſaw, that ſorely grieu'd his hart;
Each place abounding with fowle iniuries,
And fild with treaſure rackt with robberies:
Each place defilde with blood of guiltles beaſts,
Which had been ſlaine, to ſerue the Apes beheaſts;
Gluttonie, malice, pride, and couetize,
And lawleſnes raigning with riotize;

Beſides the infinite extortions,
Done through the Foxes great oppreſsions,
That the complaints thereof could not be tolde.
Which when he did with lothfull eyes beholde,
He would no more endure, but came his way,
And caſt to ſeeke the Lion, where he may,
That he might worke the auengement for this ſhame,
On thoſe two caytiues, which had bred him blame.
And ſeeking all the forreſt buſily,
At laſt he found, where ſleeping he did ly:
The wicked weed, which there the Foxe did lay,
From vnderneath his head he tooke away,
And then him waking, forced vp to rize.
The Lion looking vp gan him auize,
As one late in a traunce, what had of long
Become of him: for fantaſie is ſtrong.
Ariſe (ſaid *Mercurie*) thou ſluggiſh beaſt,
That here lieſt ſenſeles, like the corpſe deceaſt,
The whilſte thy kingdome from thy head is rent,
And thy throne royall with diſhonour blent:
Ariſe, and doo thy ſelfe redeeme from ſhame,
And be aueng'd on thoſe that breed thy blame.
Therat enraged, ſoone he gan vpſtart,
Grinding his teeth, and grating his great hart,
And rouzing vp himſelfe, for his rough hide
He gan to reach; but no where it eſpide.
Therewith he gan full terribly to rore,
And chafte at that indignitie right ſore.
But when his Crowne and ſcepter both he wanted,
Lord how he ſtum'd, and ſweld, and rag'd, and panted:
And threatned death, & thouſand deadly dolours
To them that had purlovn'd his Princely honours.

With that in haſt, diſtoabed as he was,
He toward his owne Pallace forth did paſs;
And all the way he roared as he went,
That all the forreſt with aſtoniſhment
Thereof did tremble, and the beaſts therein
Fled faſt away from that ſo dreadfull din.
At laſt he came vnto his manſion,
Where all the gates he found faſt lockt anon,
And manie warders round about them ſtood:
With that he roar'd alowd, as he were wood,
That all the Pallace quaked at the ſtound,
As if it quite were riuen from the ground,
And all within were dead and hartles left;
And th'Ape himſelfe, as one whoſe wits were reft,
Fled here and there, and euerie corner ſought,
To hide himſelfe from his owne feared thought.
But the falſe Foxe when he the Lion heard,
Fled cloſely forth, ſtreightway of death aſeard,
And to the Lion came, full lowly creeping,
With fained face, and watrie eyne halfe weeping,
T'excuſe his former treaſon and abuſion.
And turning all vnto the Apes confuſion:
Nath'les the royall Beaſt forbore beleeuing,
But bad him ſtay at eaſe till further preeuing.
Then when he ſaw no entrance to him graunted,
Roaring yet lowder that all harts it daunted,
Vpon thoſe gates with force he fiercely flewe,
And rending them in pieces, felly ſlewe
Thoſe warders ſtrange, and all that els he met.
But th'Ape ſtill flying, he no where might get:
From rowme to rowme, from beame to beame he fled
All breathles, and for feare now almoſt ded:

Yet

Yet him at laſt the Lyon ſpide, and caught,
And forth with ſhame vnto his iudgement brought.
Then all the beaſts he cauſd' aſſembled bee,
To heare their doome, and ſad enſample ſee:
The Foxe, firſt Author of that treacherie,
He did vncaſe, and then away let flie.
But th'Apes long taile (which then he had) he quight
Cut off, and both eares pared of their hight;
Since which, all Apes but halfe their eares haue left,
And of their tailes are vtterlie bereft.
So Mother *Hubberd* her diſcourſe did end:
Which pardon me, if I amiſſe haue pend,
For weake was my remembrance it to hold,
And bad her tongue that it ſo bluntly tolde.

FINIS.

Ruines of Rome : by Bellay.

1

YE heauenly ſpirites, whoſe aſhie cinders lie
Vnder deep ruines, with huge walls oppreſt,
But not your praiſe, the which ſhall neuer die
Through your faire verſes, ne in aſhes reſt;
If ſo be ſhrilling voyce of wight aliue
May reach from hence to depth of darkeſt hell,
Then let thoſe deep Abyſſes open riue,
That ye may vnderſtand my ſhreiking yell.
Thrice hauing ſeene vnder the heauens veale
Your toombs deuoted compaſſe ouer all,
Thrice vnto you with lowd voyce I appeale,
And for your antique furie here doo call,
The whiles that I with ſacred horror ſing
Your glorie, faireſt of all earthly thing.

2

Great *Babylon* her haughtie walls will praiſe,
And ſharped ſteeples high ſhot vp in ayre;
Greece will the olde *Epheſian* buildings blaze;
And *Nylus* nurſlings their Pyramides faire;
The ſame yet vaunting *Greece* will tell the ſtorie
Of *Ioues* great Image in *Olympus* placed,
Manſolus worke will be the *Carians* glorie.
And *Crete* will boaſt the Labyrinth, now raced;
The antique *Rhodian* will likewiſe ſet forth
The great Coloſſe, erect to Memorie;
And what els in the world is of like worth,
Some greater learned wit will magnifie.
But I will ſing aboue all moniments
Seuen *Romane* Hils, the worlds 7. wonderments.

3

Thou ſtranger, which for *Rome* in *Rome* here ſeekeſt,
And nought of *Rome* in *Rome* perceiu'ſt at all,
Theſe ſame olde walls, olde arches, which thou ſeeſt,
Olde Palaces is that, which *Rome* men call.
Behold what wreake, what ruine, and what waſt,
And how that ſhe, which with her mightie powre
Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd herſelfe at laſt,
The pray of time, which all things doth deuowre.
Rome now of *Rome* is th'onely funerall,
And onely *Rome* of *Rome* hath victories;
Ne ought ſaue *Tyber* haſtning to his fall,
Remaines of all: O worlds inconſtancie.
That which is firme doth flit and fall away,
And that is flitting, doth abide and ſtay.

4

She, whoſe high top aboue the ſtarres did ſore,
One foote on *Thetis*, th'other on the Morning,
One hand on *Scythia*, th'other on the *More*,
Both heauen and earth in roundneſſe compaſsing,
Ioue fearing, leaſt if ſhe ſhould greater growe,
The old Giants ſhould once againe vpriſe,
Her whelm'd with hills, theſe 7. hils, which be nowe
Tombes of her greatnes, which did threate the skies:
Vpon her head he heapt Mount *Saturnal*,
Vpon her bellie th'antique *Palatine*,
Vpon her ſtomacke laid Mount *Quirinal*,
On her left hand the noyſome *Eſquiline*,
And *Cælian* on the right; but both her feete
Mount *Viminal* and *Auentine* doo meete.

Who

5

Who liſts to ſee, what euer nature, arte,
And heauen could doo, O *Rome*, thee let him ſee,
In caſe thy greatnes he can geſſe in harte,
By that which but the picture is of thee:
Rome is no more: but if the ſhade of *Rome*
May of the bodie yeeld a ſeeming ſight,
It's like a corſe drawne forth out of the tombe
By Magicke skill out of eternall night:
The corpes of *Rome* in aſhes is entombed,
And her great ſpirite reioyned to the ſpirite
Of this great maſſe, is in the ſame enwombed;
But her braue writings, which her famous merite
In ſpight of time, out of the duſt doth reare,
Doo make her Idole through the world appeare.

6

Such as the *Berecynthian* Goddeſſe bright
In her ſwift charret with high turrets crownde,
Proud that ſo manie Gods ſhe brought to light;
Such was this Citie in her good daies fownd:
This Citie, more than that great *Phrygian* mother
Renowm'd for fruite of famous progenie,
Whoſe greatnes by the greatnes of none other,
But by her ſelfe her equall match could ſee:
Rome onely might to *Rome* compared bee,
And onely *Rome* could make great *Rome* to tremble:
So did the Gods by heauenly doome decree,
That other earthlie power ſhould not reſemble
Her that did match the whole earths puiſſaunce,
And did her courage to the heauens aduaunce.

7

Ye ſacred ruines, and ye tragick ſights,
Which onely doo the name of *Rome* retaine,
Olde moniments, which of ſo famous ſprights
The honour yet in aſhes doo maintaine:
Triumphant Arcks, ſpyres neighbours to the skie,
That you to ſee doth th'heauen it ſelfe appall,
Alas, by little ye to nothing flie,
The peoples fable, and the ſpoyle of all:
And though your frames do for a time make warre
Gainſt time, yet time in time ſhall ruinate
Your workes and names, and your laſt reliques marre.
My ſad deſires, reſt therefore moderate:
For if that time make ende of things ſo ſure,
It als will end the paine, which I endure.

8

Through armes & vaſſals *Rome* the world ſubdu'd,
That one would weene, that one ſole Cities ſtrength,
Both land and ſea in roundnes had ſuruew'd,
To be the meaſure of her bredth and length:
This peoples vertue yet ſo fruitfull was
Of vertuous nephewes, that poſteritie
Striuing in power their grandfathers to paſſe,
The loweſt earth, ioin'd to the heauen hie;
To th'end that hauing all parts in their power,
Nought from the Romane Empire might be quight,
And that though time doth Cõmonwealths deuowre,
Yet no time ſhould ſo low embaſe their hight,
That her head earth'd in her foundations deep,
Should not her name and endles honour keep.

Ye

Ruines of Rome.

,

Ye cruell ſtarres, and eke ye Gods vnkinde,
Heauen enuious, and bitter ſtepdame Nature,
Be it by fortune, or by courſe of kinde
That ye doo weld th'affaires of earthlie creature;
Why haue your hands long ſithence traueiled
To frame this world, that doth endure ſo long?
Or why were not theſe Romane palaces
Made of ſome matter no leſſe firme and ſtrong?
I ſay not, as the common voyce doth ſay,
That all things which beneath the Moone haue being
Are temporall, and ſubiect to decay:
But I ſay rather, though not all agreeing
With ſome, that weene the contrarie in thought;
That all this whole ſhall one day come to nought.

10

As that braue ſonne of *Aeſon*, which by charmes
Atcheiu'd the golden Fleece in *Colchid* land,
Out of the earth engendred men of armes
Of Dragons teeth, ſowne in the ſacred ſand;
So this braue Towne, that in her youthlie daies
An *Hydra* was of warriours glorious,
Did fill with her renowmed nourſlings praiſe
The firie sunnes both one and other hous:
But they at laſt, there being then not liuing
An *Hercules*, ſo ranke ſeed to repreſſe;
Emongſt themſelues with cruell furie ſtriuing,
Mow'd downe themſelues with ſlaughter mercileſſe;
Renewing in themſelues that rage vnkinde,
Which whilom did thoſe earthborn brethrē blinde.

119

Mars shaming to haue giuen so great Head
To his off-spring, that mortall puissaunce
Puft vp with pride of Romane hardiehead,
Seem'd aboue heauens powre it selfe to aduaunce;
Cooling againe his former kindled heate:
With which he had those Romane spirits fild,
Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath,
Into the Gothicke colde hot rage instil'd.
Then gan that Nation, th'earths new Giant brood,
To dart abroad the thunder bolts of warre;
And beating downe these walls with furious mood
Into her mothers bosome, all did marre;
To th'end that none, all were it *Ioue* his sire
Should boast himselfe of the Romane Empire.

120

Like as whilome the children of the earth
Heapt hils on hils, to scale the starrie skie,
And fight against the Gods of heauenly berth,
Whiles *Ioue* at them his thunderbolts let flie;
All suddenly with lightning ouerthrowne,
The furious squadrons downe to ground did fall,
That th'earth vnder her children weight did grone,
And th'heauens in glorie triumpht ouer all:
So did that haughtie front which heaped was
On these seuen Romane hils, it selfe vpreare
Ouer the world, and lift her loftie face
Against the heauen, that gan her force to feare.
But now these scorned fields bemone her fall,
And Gods secure feare not her force at all.

Nor

13

Nor the ſwift furie of the flames aſpiring,
Nor the deep wounds of victours raging blade,
Nor ruthleſſe ſpoyle of ſouldiers blood-deſiring,
The which ſo oft thee (*Rome*) their conqueſt made;
Ne ſtroke on ſtroke of fortune variable,
Ne ruſt of age hating continuance,
Nor wrath of Gods, nor ſpight of men vnſtable,
Nor thou oppoſd' againſt thine owne puiſſance;
Nor th'horrible vprore of windes high blowing,
Nor ſwelling ſtreames of that God ſnakie paced,
Which hath ſo often with his overflowing
Thee drenched, haue thy pride ſo much abaced;
But that this nothing, which they haue thee left,
Makes the world wõder, what they from thee reft.

14

As men in Summer ſeaſon paſſe the foord,
Which is in Winter lord of all the plaine,
And with his tumbling ſtreames doth beare aboord
The ploughmans hope, and ſhepheards labour vaine;
And as the coward beaſts vſe to deſpiſe
The noble Lion after his liues end,
Whetting their teeth, and with vaine foolhardiſe
Daring the foe, that cannot him defend:
And as at *Troy* moſt daſtards of the Greekes
Did braue about the corpes of *Hector* colde;
So thoſe which whilome wont with pallid cheekes
The Romane triumphs glorie to behold,
Now on theſe aſhie tombes ſhew boldneſſe vaine,
And conquer'd dare the Conquerour diſdaine.

Ye

15

Ye pallid ſpirits, and ye aſhie ghoaſts,
Which ioying in the brightnes of your day,
Brought foorth thoſe ſignes of your preſumptuous boaſts
Which now their duſty reliques do bewray;
Tell me ye ſpirits (ſith the darkſome riuer
Of *Styx*, not paſſable to ſoules returning,
Encloſing you in thrice three wards for euer,
Doo not reſtraine your images ſtill mourning)
Tell me then (for perhaps ſome one of you
Yet here aboue him ſecretly doth hide)
Doo ye not feele your torments to accrewe,
When ye ſometimes behold the ruin'd pride
Of theſe old *Romane* works built with your hands,
To become nought els, but heaped ſands?

16

Like as ye ſee the wrathfull Sea from farre,
In a great mountaine heap't with hideous noyſe,
Eftſoones of thouſand billowes ſhouldred narre,
Againſt a Rocke to breake with dreadfull poyſe:
Like as ye ſee fell *Boreas* with ſharpe blaſt,
Toſsing huge tempeſts through the troubled skie,
Eftſoones hauing his wide wings ſpent in waſt,
To ſtop his wearie cariere ſuddenly:
And as ye ſee huge flames ſpred diuerſlie,
Gathered in one vp to the heauens to ſpyre,
Eftſoones conſum'd to fall downe feebily:
So whilom did this Monarchie aſpyre
As waues, as winde, as fire ſpred ouer all,
Till it by fatall doome adowne did fall.

So

Ruines of Rome.

17

So long as *Iones* great Bird did make his flight,
Bearing the fire with which heauen doth vs fray,
Heauen had not feare of that presumptuous might,
With which the Giaunts did the Gods assay.
But all so soone, as scortching Sunne had brent
His wings, which wont the earth to ouerspredd,
The earth out of her massie wombe forth sent
That antique horror, which made heauen adredd.
Then was the Germane Rauen in disguise
That Romane Eagle seene to cleaue asunder,
And towards heauen freshly to arise
Out of these mountaines, now consum'd to pouder.
In which the foule that serues to beare the lightning,
Is now no more seen flying, nor alighting.

18

These heapes of stones, these old wals which ye see,
Were first enclosures but of saluage soyle;
And these braue Pallaces which maystred bee
Of time, were shepheards cottages somewhile.
Then tooke the shepheards Kingly ornament
And the stout hynde arm'd his right hand with steele:
Eftsoones their rule of yearely Presidents
Grew great, and sixe months greater a great deele;
Which made perpetuall, rose to so great might,
That thence th'Imperiall Eagle rooting tooke,
Till th'heauen it selfe opposing gainst her might,
Her power to *Peters* successor betooke;
Who shepheardlike, (as fates the same foreseeing)
Doth shew, that all things turne to their first being.

19

All that is perfect, which th'heauen beautefies;

All that's imperfect, borne belowe the Moone;
All that doth feede our spirits and our eies;
And all that doth consume our pleasures soone;
All the mishap, the which our daies outweares,
All the good hap of th'oldest times afore,
Rome in the time of her great ancesters,
Like a *Pandora*, locked long in store.
But destinie this huge *Chaos* turmoyling,
In which all good and euill was enclosed,
Their heauenly vertues from these woes assoyling,
Caried to heauen, from sinfull bondage losed:
But their great sinnes, the causers of their paine,
Vnder these antique ruines yet remaine.

20

No otherwise than raynie cloud, first fed
With earthly vapours gathered in the ayre,
Eftsoones in compas arch't, to steepe his hed,
Doth plonge himselfe in *Tethys* bosome faire;
And mounting vp againe, from whence he came,
With his great bellie spreds the dimmed world,
Till at the last dissoluing his moist frame,
In raine, or snowe, or haile he forth his horld;
This Citie, which was first but shepheards shade,
Vprising by degrees, grewe to such height,
That Queene of land and sea her selfe she made.
At last not able to beare so great weight,
Her power disperst, through all the world did vade;
To shew that all in th'end to nought shall fade.

21

The same which *Pyrrhus*, and the puissaunce
Of *Afrike* could not tame, that same braue Citie,
Which with stout courage arm'd against mischaũce,

Sustein'd

Suſtein'd the ſhocke of common enmitie;
Long as her ſhip toſt with ſo manie freakes,
Had all the world in armes againſt her bent,
Was neuer ſeene, that anie fortunes wreākes
Could breake her courſe begun with braue intent.
But when the obiect of her vertue failed,
Her power it ſelfe againſt it ſelfe did arme;
As he that hauing long in tempeſt ſailed,
Faine would ariue, but cannot for the ſtorme,
If too great winde againſt the port him driue,
Doth in the port it ſelfe his veſſell riue.

22

When that braue honour of the Latine name,
Which mear'd her rule with *Africa*, and *Byze*,
With *Thames* inhabitants of noble fame,
And they which ſee the dawning day arize;
Her nourſlings did with mutinous vprore
Harten againſt her ſelfe, her conquer'd ſpoile,
Which ſhe had wonne from all the world afore,
Of all the world was ſpoyl'd within a while.
So when the compaſt courſe of the vniuerſe
In ſixe and thirtie thouſand yeares is ronne,
The bands of th'elements ſhall backe reuerſe
To their firſt diſcord, and be quite vndonne:
The ſeedes, of which all things at firſt were bred,
Shall in great *Chaos* wombe againe be hid.

23

O warie wiſedome of the man, that would
That *Carthage* towres from ſpoile ſhould be forborne,
To th'end that his victorious people ſhould
With cancring laiſure not be ouerworne;
He well foreſaw, how that the Romane courage,

Impatient of pleaſures faint deſires,
Through idlenes would turne to ciuill rage,
And be her ſelfe the matter of her fires.
For in a people giuen all to eaſe,
Ambition is engendred eaſily;
As in a vicious bodie, groſe diſeaſe
Soone growes through humours ſuperfluitie.
That came to paſſe, whē ſwolne with plēties pride,
Nor prince, nor peere, nor kin they would abide.

24

If the blinde furie, which warres breedeth oft,
Wonts not t'enrage the hearts of equall beaſts,
Whether they fare on foote, or flie aloft,
Or armed be with clawes, or ſcalie creaſts;
What fell *Erynnis* with hot burning tongs,
Did grype your hearts, with noyſome rage imbew'd,
That each to other working cruell wrongs,
Your blades in your owne bowels you embrew'd?
Was this (ye *Romanes*) your hard deſtinie?
Or ſome old ſinne, whoſe vnappeaſed guilt
Powr'd vengeance forth on you eternallie?
Or brothers blood, the which at firſt was ſpilt
Vpon your walls, that God might not endure,
Vpon the ſame to ſet foundation ſure?

25

O that I had the *Thracian* Poets harpe,
For to awake out of th'infernall ſhade
Thoſe antique *Cæſars*, ſleeping long in darke,
The which this auncient Citie whilome made:
Or that I had *Amphions* inſtrument,
To quicken with his vitall notes accord,
The ſtonie ioynts of theſe old walls now rent,

By

By which th' *Ausonian* light might be restor'd:
Or that at least I could with pencill fine,
Fashion the pourtraicts of these Palacis,
By paterne of great *Virgils* spirit diuine;
I would assay with that which in me is,
To builde with leuell of my loftie style,
That which no hands can euermore compyle.

26

Who list the Romane greatnes forth to figure,
Him needeth not to seeke for vsage right
Of line, or lead, or rule, or squaire, to measure
Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her hight,
But him behooues to vew in compasse round
All that the Ocean graspes in his long armes;
Be it where the yerely starre doth scortch the ground,
Or where colde *Boreas* blowes his bitter stormes.
Rome was th'whole world, & al the world was *Rome*,
And if things nam'd their names doo equalize,
When land and sea ye name, then name ye *Rome*;
And naming *Rome* ye land and sea comprize:
For th'auncient Plot of *Rome* displayed plaine,
The map of all the wide world doth containe.

27

Thou that at *Rome* astonisht dost behold
The antique pride, which menaced the skie,
These haughtie heapes, these palaces of olde,
These wals, these arcks, these baths, these temples hie;
Iudge by these ample ruines vew, the rest
The which iniurious time hath quite outworne,
Since of all workmen helde in reckning best,
Yet these olde fragments are for paternes borne:
Then also marke, how Rome from day to day,
Repayring her decayed fashion,

Renewes herſelfe with buildings rich and gay;
That one would iudge, that the *Romaine Dæmon*
Doth yet himſelfe with fatall hand enforce,
Againe on foote to reare her pouldred corſe.

28

He that hath ſeene a great Oke drie and dead,
Yet clad with reliques of ſome Trophees olde,
Lifting to heauen her aged hoarie head,
Whoſe foote in ground hath left but feeble holde;
But halfe disbowel'd lies aboue the ground,
Shewing her wreathed rootes, and naked armes,
And on her trunke all rotten and vnſound
Onely ſupports herſelfe for meate of wormes;
And though ſhe owe her fall to the firſt winde,
Yet of the deuout people is ador'd,
And manie yong plants ſpring out of her rinde;
Who ſuch an Oke hath ſeene, let him record
That ſuch this Cities honour was of yore,
And mongſt all Cities floriſhed much more.

29

All that which *Aegypt* whilome did deuiſe,
All that which *Greece* their temples to embraue,
After th'Ionicke, Atticke, Doricke guiſe,
Or *Corinth* skil'd in curious workes to graue;
All that *Lyſippus* practike arte could forme,
Apelles wit, or *Phidias* his skill,
Was wont this auncient Citie to adorne,
And the heauen it ſelfe with her wide wonders fill;
All that which *Athens* euer brought forth wiſe,
All that which *Afrike* euer brought forth ſtrange,
All that which *Aſie* euer had of priſe,
Was here to ſee. O meruelous great change:

Ruines of Rome.

Rome liuing, was the worlds ſole ornament,
And dead, is now the worlds ſole moniment.

30

Like as the ſeeded field greene graſſe firſt ſhowes,
Then from greene graſſe into a ſtalke doth ſpring,
And from a ſtalke into an eare forth-growes,
Which eare the frutefull graine doth ſhortly bring;
And as in ſeaſon due the husband mowes
The waiuing lockes of thoſe faire yeallow heares,
Which bound in ſheaues, and layd in comely rowes,
Vpon the naked fields in ſtalkes he reares:
So grew the Romane Empire by degree,
Till that Barbarian hands it quite did ſpill,
And left of it but theſe olde markes to ſee,
Of which all paſſers by doo ſomewhat pill:
As they which gleane, the reliques vſe to gather,
Which th'husbādmā behind him chanſt to ſcater.

31

That ſame is now nought but a champian wide,
Where all this worlds pride once was ſituate.
No blame to thee, whoſoeuer doſt abide
By *Nyle*, or *Gange*, or *Tygre*, or *Euphrate*,
Ne *Afrike* thereof guiltie is, nor *Spaine*,
Nor the bolde people by the *Thamis* brincks,
Nor the braue warlicke brood of *Alemaine*,
Nor the borne Souldier which *Rhine* running drinks:
Thou onely cauſe, ô Ciuill furie, art
Which ſowing in th' *Aemathian* fields thy ſpight,
Didſt arme thy hand againſt thy proper hart;
To th'end that when thou waſt in greateſt hight
To greatnes growne, through long proſperitie,
Thou then adowne might'ſt fall more horriblie.

Hope

32

Hope ye my verſes that poſteritie
Of age enſuing ſhall you euer read?
Hope ye that euer immortalitie
So meane Harpes worke may chalenge for her meed?
If vnder heauen anie endurance were,
Theſe moniments, which not in paper writ,
But in Porphyre and Marble doo appeare,
Might well haue hop'd to haue obtained it.
Nath'les my Lute, whom *Phœbus* deignd to giue,
Ceaſe not to ſound theſe olde antiquities:
For if that time doo let thy glorie liue,
Well maiſt thou boaſt, how euer baſe thou bee,
That thou art firſt, which of thy Nation ſong
Th'olde honour of the people gowned long.

L'Envoy.

Bellay, firſt garland of free Poëſie (wits,
That *France* brought forth, though fruitfull of braue
Well worthie thou of immortalitie,
That long haſt traueld by thy learned writs,
Olde *Rome* out of her aſhes to reuiue,
And giue a ſecond life to dead decayes:
Needes muſt he all eternitie ſuruiue,
That can to other giue eternall dayes.
Thy dayes therefore are endles, and thy prayſe
Excelling all, that euer went before;
And after thee, gins *Bartas* hie to rayſe
His heauenly Muſe, th'Almightie to adore.
Liue happie ſpirits, th'honour of your name,
And fill the world with neuer dying fame.

FINIS.

MVIOPOTMOS,

Or

The Fate of the Butterflie.

By Ed. Sp.

Dedicated to the moſt faire and vertuous Ladie: the Ladie *Carey.*



LONDON.

Imprinted for *VVillian Ponſonbie*, dwelling in Paules Churchyard at the ſigne of *the Biſhops head.*

1590.

To the right worthy and vertuous Ladie; the La: *Carey.*

MOst braue and bountifull La: for so excellent fauours as I haue receiued at your sweet handes, to offer these fewe leaues as in recompence, should be as to offer flowers to the Gods for their diuine benefites. Therefore I haue determined to giue my selfe wholy to you, as quite abandoned from my selfe, and absolutely vowed to your seruices: which in all right is euer held for full recompence of debt or damage to haue the person yeelded. My person I wot wel how little worth it is. But the faithfull minde & humble zeale which I beare vnto your La: may perhaps be more of price, as may please you to account and vse the poore seruice thereof; which taketh glory to aduance your excellent partes and noble vertues, and to spend it selfe in honouring you: not so much for your great bounty to my self,

Which yet may not be vnminded; nor for name or kindreds ſake by you vouchſafed, beeing alſo regardable; as for that honorable name, which yee haue by your braue deſerts purchaſt to your ſelf, & ſpred in the mouths of al mẽ: vvith vvhich I haue alſo preſumed to grace my verſes, & vnder your name to cõmend to the vvorld this ſmal Poëme, the vvhich beſeeching your La: to take in vvorth, and of all things therein according to your vvonted graciouſnes to make a milde conſtruction, I humbly pray for your happines.

Your La: euer

humbly;

E. S.

Muiopotmos: or
The Fate of the Butterflie.

I Sing of deadly dolorous debate,
Stir'd vp through wrathfull *Nemesis* despight,
Betwixt two mightie ones of great estate,
Drawne into armes, and proofe of mortall fight,
Through prowd ambition, and hartswelling hate,
Whilest neither could the others greater might
And sdeignfull scorne endure; that from small iarre
Their wraths at length broke into open warre.

The roote whereof and tragicall effect,
Vouchsafe, O thou the mournfulst Muse of nyne,
That wontst the tragick stage for to direct,
In funerall complaints and waylfull tyne,
Reueale to me, and all the meanes detect,
Through which sad *Clarion* did at last declyne
To loweſt wretchednes; And is there then
Such rancour in the harts of mightie men?

Of all the race of siluer-winged Flies
Which doo possesse the Empire of the aire,
Betwixt the centred earth, and azure skies,
Was none more fauourable, nor more faire,
Whilst heauen did fauour his felicities,
Then *Clarion*, the eldest sonne and haire
Of *Muscaroll*, and in his fathers sight
Of all aliue did seeme the faireſt wight.

With fruitfull hope his aged breast he fed
Of future good, which his yong toward yeares,
Full of braue courage and bold hardyhed,
Aboue th'ensample of his equall peares,

Did

Did largely promiſe, and to him forered
(Whilſt oft his heart did melt in tender teares)
That he in time would ſure proue ſuch an one,
As ſhould be worthie of his fathers throne.

The freſh yong flie, in whom the kindly fire
Of luſtfull yonght began to kindle faſt,
Did much diſdaine to ſubiect his deſire
To loathſome ſloth, or houres in eaſe to waſt,
But ioy'd to range abroad in freſh attire;
Through the wide compas of the ayrie coaſt,
And with vnwearied wings each part t'inquire
Of the wide rule of his renowmed ſire.

For he ſo ſwift and nimble was of flight,
That from this lower tract he dar'd to ſtie
Vp to the clowdes, and thence with pineons light,
To mount aloft vnto the Chriſtall skie,
To vew the workmanſhip of heauens hight:
Whence downe deſcending he along would flie
Vpon the ſtreaming riuers, ſport to finde;
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous winde.

So on a Summers day, when ſeaſon milde
With gentle calme the world had quïeted,
And high in heauen *Hyperions* fierie childe
Aſcending, did his beames abroad diſpred,
Whiles all the heauens on lower creatures ſmilde;
Yong *Clarion* with vaunthull luſtie head,
After his guize did caſt abroad to fare;
And theretoo gan his furnitures prepare.

His breaſtplate firſt, that was of ſubſtance pure,
Before his noble heart he firmely bound,

That

That mought his life from yron death aſſure,
And ward his gentle corpes from cruell wound:
For it by arte was framed, to endure
The bit of baleſull ſteele and bitter ſtownd,
No leſſe than that, which *Vulcane* made to ſheild
Achilles life from fate of *Troyan* field.

And then about his ſhoulders broad he threw
An hairie hide of ſome wilde beaſt, whom hee
In ſaluage forreſt by aduenture ſlew,
And reſt the ſpoyle his ornament to bee:
Which ſpredding all his backe with dreadfull vew,
Made all that him ſo horrible did ſee,
Thinke him *Alcides* with the Lyons skin,
When the *Næmean* Conqueſt he did win.

Vpon his head his gliſtering Burganet,
The which was wrought by wonderous deuice,
And curiouſly engrauen, he did ſet:
The mettall was of rare and paſsing price;
Not *Bilbo* ſteele, nor braſſe from *Corinth* fet,
Nor coſtly *Oricalche* from ſtrange *Phœnice*;
But ſuch as could both *Phœbus* arrowes ward,
And th'hayling darts of heauen beating hard.

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
Strongly outlaunced towards either ſide,
Like two ſharpe ſpeares, his enemies to gore:
Like as a warlike Brigandine, applyde
To fight, layes forth her threatfull pikes afore,
The engines which in them ſad death doo hyde:
So did this flie outſtretch his fearefull hornes,
Yet ſo as him their terrour more adornes.

Laſtly

Laſtly his ſhinie wings as ſiluer bright,
Painted with thouſand colours, paſsing farre
All Painters skill, he did about him dight:
Not halfe ſo manie ſundrie colours arre
In *Iris* bowe, ne heauen doth ſhine ſo bright,
Diſtinguiſhed with manie a twinckling ſtarre,
Nor *Iunoes* Bird in her ey-ſpotted traine
So manie goodly colours doth containe.

Ne (may it be withouten perill ſpoken)
The Archer God, the ſonne of *Cytheree*,
That ioyes on wretched louers to be wroken,
And heaped ſpoyles of bleeding harts to ſee,
Beares in his wings ſo manie a changefull token.
Ah my liege Lord, forgiue it vnto mee,
If ought againſt thine honour I haue tolde;
Yet ſure thoſe wings were fairer manifolde.

Full manie a Ladie faire, in Court full oft
Beholding them, him ſecretly enuide,
And wiſht that two ſuch fannes, ſo ſilken ſoft,
And golden faire, her Loue would her prouide;
Or that when them the gorgeous Flie had doft,
Some one that would with grace be gratifide,
From him would ſteale them priuily away,
And bring to her ſo precious a pray.

Report is that dame *Venus* on a day,
In ſpring whē flowres doo clothe the fruitful groũd,
Walking abroad with all her Nymphes to play,
Bad her faire damzels flocking her arownd,
To gather flowres, her forhead to array:
Emongſt the reſt a gentle Nymph was found,

Hight

Muiopotmos.

Hight *Aſtery*, excelling all the crewe
In curteous vſage, and vnſtained hewe.

Who being nimbler ioynted than the reſt,
And more induſtrious, gathered more ſtore
Of the fields honour, than the others beſt;
Which they in ſecret harts enuying ſore,
Tolde *Venus*, when her as the worthieſt
She praiſd', that *Cupide* (as they heard before)
Did lend her ſecret aide, in gathering
Into her lap the children of the ſpring.

Whereof the Goddeſſe gathering iealous feare,
Not yet vnmindfull, how not long agoe
Her ſonne to *Pſyche* ſecrete loue did beare,
And long it cloſe conceal'd, till mickle woe
Thereof aroſe, and manie a rufull teare;
Reaſon with ſudden rage did ouergoe,
And giuing haſtie credit to th'accuſer,
Was led away of them that did abuſe her.

Eftſoones that Damzel by her heauenly might,
She turn'd into a winged Butterflie,
In the wide aire to make her wandring flight;
And all thoſe flowres, with which ſo plenteouſlie
Her lap ſhe filled had, that bred her ſpight,
She placed in her wings, for memorie
Of her pretended crime, though crime none were:
Since which that flie them in her wings doth beare.

Thus the freſh *Clarion* being readie dight,
Vnto his iourney did himſelfe addreſſe,
And with good ſpeed began to take his flight:
Ouer the fields in his franke luſtineſſe,

And all the champion he ſoared light,
And all the countrey wide he did poſſeſſe,
Feeding vpon their pleaſures bounteouſlie,
That none gainſaid,nor none did him enuie.

The woods,the riuers,and the medowes green,
With his aire-cutting wings he meaſured wide,
Ne did he leaue the mountaines bare vnſeene,
Nor the ranke graſsie fennes delights vntride.
But none of theſe,how euer ſweete they beene,
Mote pleaſe his fancie,nor him cauſe t'abide:
His choicefull ſenſe with euerie change doth flit.
No common things may pleaſe a wauering wit.

To the gay gardins his vnſtaid deſire
Him wholly caried,to refreſh his ſprights:
There lauiſh Nature in her beſt attire,
Powres forth ſweete odors,and alluring ſights;
And Arte with her contending,doth aſpire
T'excell the naturall,with made delights:
And all that faire or pleaſant may be found,
In riotous exceſſe doth there abound.

There he arriuing,round about doth flie,
From bed to bed,from one to other border,
And takes ſuruey with curious buſie eye,
Of euerie flowre and herbe there ſet in order;
Now this,now that he taſteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth diſorder,
Ne with his feete their ſilken leaues deface;
But paſtures on the pleaſures of each place.

And euermore with moſt varietie,
And change of ſweetneſſe (for all change is ſweete)

He

Muiopotmos.

Hé caſts his glutton ſenſe to ſatiſſie,
Now ſucking of the ſap of herbe moſt meete,
Or of the deaw, which yet on them does lie,
Now in the ſame bathing his tender feete:
And then he pearcheth on ſome braunch thereby,
To weather him, and his moyſt wings to dry.

And then againe he turneth to his play,
To ſpoyle the pleaſures of that Paradiſe:
The wholſome Saulge, and Lauender ſtill gray,
Ranke ſmelling Rue, and Cummin good for eyes,
The Roſes raigning in the pride of May,
Sharpe Iſope, good for greene wounds remedies,
Faire Marigoldes, and Bees alluring Thime,
Swe ete Marioram, and Dayſies decking prime.

Coole Violets, and Orpine growing ſtill,
Embathed Balme, and chearfull Galingale,
Freſh Coſtmarie, and breathfull Camomill,
Poppie, and drink-quickning Setuale,
Veyne-healing Veruen, and hed-purging Dill,
Sound Sauorie, and Bazill hartie-hale,
Fat Colworts, and comforting Perſeline,
Colde Lettuce, and refreſhing Roſmarine.

And whatſo elſe of vertue good or ill
Grewe in this Gardin, fetcht from farre away,
Of euerie one he takes, and taſtes at will,
And on their pleaſures greedily doth pray.
Then when he hath both plaid, and fed his fill,
In the warme Sunne he doth himſelfe embay,
And there him reſts in riotous ſuffiſaunce
Of all his gladfulnes, and kingly ioyaunce.

Muiopotmos:

What more felicitie can fall to creature,
Than to enioy delight with libertie,
And to be Lord of all the workes of Nature,
To raine in th'aire from earth to higheſt skie,
To feed on flowres, and weeds of glorious feature,
To take what euer thing doth pleaſe the eie?
Who reſts not pleaſed with ſuch happines,
Well worthie he to taſte of wretchednes.

But what on earth can long abide in ſtate?
Or who can him aſſure of happie day;
Sith morning faire may bring fowle euening late,
And leaſt miſhap the moſt bliſſe alter may?
For thouſand perills lie in cloſe awaite
About vs daylie, to worke our decay;
That none, except a God, or God him guide,
May them auoyde, or remedie prouide.

And whatſo heauens in their ſecret doome
Ordained haue, how can fraile fleſhly wight
Forecaſt, but it muſt needs to iſſue come?
The ſea, the aire, the fire, the day, the night,
And th'armies of their creatures all and ſome
Do ſerue to them, and with importune might
Warre againſt vs the vaſſals of their will.
Who then can ſaue, what they diſpoſe to ſpill?

Not thou, O *Clarion*, though faireſt thou
Of all thy kinde, vnhappie happie Flie,
Whoſe cruell fate is wouen euen now
Of *Ioues* owne hand, to worke thy miſerie:
Ne may thee helpe the manie hartie vow,
Which thy olde Sire with ſacred pietie

Muiopotmos.

Hath powred forth for thee, and th'altars ſprent:
Nought may thee ſaue from heauens auengement.

It fortuned (as heauens had behight)
That in this gardin, where yong *Clarion*
Was wont to ſolace him, a wicked wight
The foe of faire things, th'author of confuſion,
The ſhame of Nature, the bondſlaue of ſpight,
Had lately built his hatefull manſion,
And lurking cloſely, in a wayte now lay.
How he might anie in his trap betray.

But when he ſpide the ioyous Butterflie
In this faire plot diſplacing too and fro,
Fearles of foes and hidden ieopardie,
Lord how he gan for to beſtirre him tho,
And to his wicked worke each part applie:
His heart did earne againſt his hated foe,
And bowels ſo with ranckling poyſon ſwelde,
That ſcarce the skin the ſtrong contagion helde.

The cauſe why he this Flie ſo maliced,
Was (as in ſtories it is written found)
For that his mother which him bore and bred,
The moſt fine-fingred workwoman on ground,
Arachne, by his meanes was vanquiſhed
Of *Pallas*, and in her owne skill confound,
When ſhe with her for excellence contended,
That wrought her ſhame, and ſorrow neuer ended.

For the *Tritonian* Goddeſſe hauing hard
Her blazed fame, which all the world had fil'd,
Came downe to proue the truth, and due reward
For her praiſ-worthie workmanſhip to yeild

But the preſumptuous Damzel raſhly dar'd
The Goddeſſe ſelfe to chalenge to the field,
And to compare with her in curious skill
Of workes with loome, with needle, and with quill.

Minerua did the chalenge not refuſe,
But deign'd with her the paragon to make:
So to their worke they ſit, and each doth chuſe
What ſtorie ſhe will for her tapet take.
Arachne figur'd how *Ioue* did abuſe
Europa like a Bull, and on his backe
Her through the ſea did beare; ſo liuely ſeene,
That it true Sea, and true Bull ye would weene.

She ſeem'd ſtill backe vnto the land to looke,
And her play-fellowes aide to call, and feare
The daſhing of the waues, that vp ſhe tooke
Her daintie feete, and garments gathered neare:
But (Lord) how ſhe in euerie member ſhooke,
When as the land ſhe ſaw no more appeare,
But a wilde wildernes of waters deepe:
Then gan ſhe greatly to lament and weepe.

Before the Bull ſhe pictur'd winged Loue,
With his yong brother Sport, light fluttering
Vpon the waues, as each had been a Doue;
The one his bowe and ſhafts, the other Spring
A burning Teade about his head did moue,
As in their Syres new loue both triumphing:
And manie Nymphes about them flocking round,
And manie *Tritons*, which their hornes did ſound.

And round about, her worke ſhe did empale
With a faire border wrought of ſundrie flowres,

Muiopotmos.

Enwouen with an Yuie winding trayle:
A goodly worke, full fit for Kingly bowres,
Such as Dame *Pallas*, such as Enuie pale,
That al good things with venemous tooth deuowres,
Could not accuse. Then gan the Goddesse bright
Her selfe likewise vnto her worke to dight.

She made the storie of the olde debate,
Which she with *Neptune* did for *Athens* trie:
Twelue Gods doo sit around in royall state,
And *Ioue* in midst with awfull Maiestie,
To iudge the strife betweene them stirred late:
Each of the Gods by his like visnomie
Eathe to be knowen; but *Ioue* aboue them all,
By his great lookes and power Imperiall.

Before them stands the God of Seas in place,
Clayming that sea-coast Citie as his right,
And strikes the rockes with his three-forked mace;
Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in sight,
The signe by which he chalengeth the place,
That all the Gods, which saw his wondrous might
Did surely deeme the victorie his due:
But seldome seene, forciudgement proueth true.

Then to her selfe she giues her *Aegide* shield,
And steelhed speare, and morion on her hedd,
Such as she oft is seene in warlicke field:
Then sets she forth, how with her weapon dredd
She smote the ground, the which streight foorth did yield
A fruitfull Olyue tree, with berries spredd,
That all the Gods admir'd; then all the storie
She compast with a wreathe of Olyues hoarie.

Emongst

Emongſt thoſe leaues ſhe made a Butterflie,
With excellent deuice and wondrous ſlight,
Fluttring among the Oliues wantonly,
That ſeem'd to liue, ſo like it was in ſight:
The veluet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The ſilken downe with which his backe is dight,
His broad outſtretched hornes, his hayrie thies,
His glorious colours, and his gliſtering eies.

Which when *Arachne* ſaw, as ouerlaid,
And maſtered with workmanſhip ſo rare,
She ſtood aſtonied long, ne ought gainesaid,
And with faſt fixed eyes on her did ſtare,
And by her ſilence, ſigne of one diſmaid,
The victorie did yeeld her as her ſhare:
Yet did ſhe inly fret, and felly burne,
And all her blood to poyſonous rancor turne.

That ſhortly from the ſhape of womanhed
Such as ſhe was, when *Pallas* ſhe attempted.
She grew to hideous ſhape of dryrihed,
Pined with griefe of follie late repented:
Eftſoones her white ſtreight legs were altered
To crooked crawling ſhankes, of marrowe empted,
And her faire face to fowle and loathſome hewe,
And her fine corpes to a bag of venim grewe.

This curſed creature, mindfull of that olde
Enfeſted grudge, the which his mother felt,
So ſoone as *Clarion* he did beholde,
His heart with vengefull malice inly ſwelt;
And weauing ſtraight a net with manie a folde
About the caue, in which he lurking dwelt,

Muiopotmos.

With fine ſmall cords about it ſtretched wide,
So finely ſponne, that ſcarce they could be ſpide.

Not anie damzell, which her vaunteth moſt
In skilfull knitting of ſoft ſilken twyne;
Nor anie weauer, which his worke doth boaſt
In dieper, in damaske, or in lyne;
Nor anie skil'd in workmanſhip emboſt;
Nor anie skil'd in loupes of fingring fine,
Might in their diuers cunning euer dare,
With this ſo curious networke to compare.

Ne doo I thinke, that that ſame ſubtil gin,
The which the *Lemnian* God framde craftilie,
Mars ſleeping with his wife to compaſſe in,
That all the Gods with common mockerie
Might laugh at them, and ſcorne their ſhamefull ſin,
Was like to this. This ſame he did applie,
For to entrap the careles *Clarion*,
That rang'd each where without ſuſpition.

Suſpition of friend, nor feare of foe,
That hazarded his health, had he at all,
But walkt at will, and wandred too and fro,
In the pride of his freedome principall:
Litle wiſt he his fatall future woe,
But was ſecure, the liker he to fall.
He likeſt is to fall into miſchaunce,
That is regardles of his gouernaunce.

Yet ſtill *Aragnoll* (ſo his foe was hight)
Lay lurking couertly him to ſurprize,
And all his gins that him entangle might,
Dreſt in good order as he could deuiſe.

At length the fooliſh Flie without foreſight,
As he that did all daunger quite deſpiſe,
Toward thoſe parts came flying careleſſlie,
Where hidden was his hatefull enemie.

Who ſeeing him, with ſecrete ioy therefore
Did tickle inwardly in euerie vaine,
And his falſe hart fraught with all treaſons ſtore,
Was fil'd with hope, his purpoſe to obtaine:
Himſelfe he cloſe vpgathered more and more
Into his den, that his deceiptfull traine
By his there being might not be bewraid,
Ne anie noyſe, ne anie motion made.

Like as a wily Foxe, that hauing ſpide,
Where on a ſunnie bank the Lambes doo play,
Full cloſely creeping by the hinder ſide,
Lyes in ambuſhment of his hoped pray,
Ne ſtirreth limbe, till ſeeing readie tide,
He ruſheth forth, and ſnatcheth quite away
One of the litle yonglings vnawares:
So to his worke *Aragnoll* him prepares.

Who now ſhall giue vnto my heauie eyes
A well of teares, that all may ouerflow?
Or where ſhall I finde lamentable cryes,
And mournfull runes enough my griefe to ſhow?
Helpe O thou Tragick Muſe, me to deuiſe
Notes ſad enough, t'expreſſe this bitter throw:
For loe, the dreric ſtownd is now arriued,
That of all happines hath vs depriued.

The luckles *Clarion*, whether cruell Fate,
Or wicked Fortune faultles him miſled,

Or ſome vngracious blaſt out of the gate
Of *Aeoles* raine perforce him droue on hed,
Was (O ſad hap and howre vnfortunate)
With violent ſwift flight forth caried
Into the curſed cobweb, which his foe
Had framed for his finall ouerthroe.

There the fond Flie entangled, ſtrugled long,
Himſelfe to free thereout; but all in vaine.
For ſtriuing more, the more in laces ſtrong
Himſelfe he tide, and wrapt his winges twaine
In lymie ſnares the ſubtill loupes among;
That in the ende he breatheleſſe did remaine,
And all his yougthly forces idly ſpent,
Him to the mercie of th'auenger lent.

Which when the greiſly tyrant did eſpie,
Like a grimme Lyon ruſhing with fierce might
Out of his den, he ſeized greedelie
On the reſiſtles pray, and with fell ſpight,
Vnder the left wing ſtroke his weapon ſlie
Into his heart, that his deepe groning ſpright
In bloodie ſtreames foorth fled into the aire,
His bodie left the ſpectacle of care.

FINIS.

Viſions of the worlds vanitie.

1

ONe day, whiles that my daylie cares did ſleepe,
My ſpirit, ſhaking off her earthly priſon,
Began to enter into meditation deepe
Of things exceeding reach of common reaſon;
Such as this age, in which all good is geaſon,
And all that humble is and meane debaced,
Hath brought forth in her laſt declining ſeaſon,
Griefe of good mindes, to ſee goodneſſe diſgraced.
On which whē as my thought was throghly placed,
Vnto my eyes ſtrange ſhowes preſented were,
Picturing that, which I in minde embraced,
That yet thoſe ſights empaſsion me full nere.
Such as they were (faire Ladie) take in worth,
That whē time ſerues, may bring things better forth.

2

In Summers day, when *Phœbus* fairly ſhone,
I ſaw a Bull as white as driuen ſnowe,
With gilden hornes embowed like the Moone,
In a freſh flowring meadow lying lowe:
Vp to his eares the verdant graſſe did growe,
And the gay flowres did offer to be eaten;
But he with fatnes ſo did ouerflowe,
That he all wallowed in the weedes downe beaten,
Ne car'd with them his daintie lips to ſweeten:
Till that a Brize, a ſcorned little creature,
Through his faire hide his angrie ſting did threaten,
And vext ſo ſore, that all his goodly feature,
And all his plenteous paſture nought him pleaſed:
So by the ſmall the great is oft diſeaſed.

3

Beside the fruitfull shore of muddie *Nile*,
Vpon a sunnie banke outstretched lay
In monstrous length, a mightie Crocodile,
That cram'd with guiltles blood, and greedie pray
Of wretched people trauailing that way,
Thought all things lesse than his disdainfull pride.
I saw a little Bird, cal'd *Tedula*,
The least of thousands which on earth abide,
That forst this hideous beast to open wide
The greisly gates of his deuouring hell,
And let him feede, as Nature doth prouide,
Vpon his iawes, that with blacke venime swell.
Why then should greatest things the least disdaine,
Sith that so small so mightie can constraine?

4

The kingly Bird, that beares *Ioues* thunder-clap,
One day did scorne the simple Scarabee,
Proud of his highest seruice, and good hap,
That made all other Foules his thralls to bee:
The silly Flie, that no redresse did see,
Spide where the Eagle built his towring nest,
And kindling fire within the hollow tree,
Burnt vp his yong ones, and himselfe distrest;
Ne suffred him in anie place to rest,
But droue in *Ioues* owne lap his egs to lay;
Where gathering also filth him to infest,
Forst with the filth his egs to fling away:
For which when as the Foule was wroth, said *Ioue*,
Lo how the least the greatest may reproue.

5

Toward the ſea turning my troubled eye,
I ſaw the fiſh (if fiſh I may it cleepe)
That makes the ſea before his face to flye,
And with his flaggie finnes doth ſeeme to ſweepe
The fomie waues out of the dreadfull deep,
The huge *Leuiathan*, dame Natures wonder,
Making his ſport, that manie makes to weep:
A ſword-fiſh ſmall him from the reſt did ſunder,
That in his throat him pricking ſoftly vnder,
His wide Abyſſe him forced forth to ſpewe,
That all the ſea did roate like heauens thunder,
And all the waues were ſtain'd with filthie hewe.
Hereby I learned haue, not to deſpiſe,
What euer thing ſeemes ſmall in common eyes.

6

An hideous Dragon, dreadfull to behold,
Whoſe backe was arm'd againſt the dint of ſpeare;
With ſhields of braſſe, that ſhone like burniſht golde,
And forkhed ſting, that death in it did beare,
Stroue with a Spider his vnequall peare:
And bad defiance to his enemie.
The ſubtill vermin creeping cloſely neare,
Did in his drinke ſhed poyſon priuilie;
Which through his entrailes ſpredding diuerſly,
Made him to ſwell, that nigh his bowells bruſt,
And him enforſt to yeeld the victorie,
That did ſo much in his owne greatneſſe truſt.
O how great vainneſſe is it then to ſcorne
The weake, that hath the ſtrong ſo oft forlorne.

High

7

High on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe,
Of wondrous length, and ſtreight proportion,
That farre abroad her daintie odours threwe;
Mongſt all the daughters of proud *Libanon*,
Her match in beautie was not anie one.
Shortly within her inmoſt pith there bred
A litle wicked worme, perceiu'd of none,
That on her ſap and vitall moyſture fed:
Thenceforth her garland ſo much honoured
Began to die, (O great ruth for the ſame)
And her faire lockes fell from her loftie head,
That ſhortly balde, and bared ſhe became.
I, which this ſight beheld, was much diſmayed,
To ſee ſo goodly thing ſo ſoone decayed.

8

Soone after this I ſaw an Elephant,
Adorn'd with bells and boſſes gorgeouſlie,
That on his backe did beare (as batteilant)
A gilden towre, which ſhone exceedinglie;
That he himſelfe through fooliſh vanitie,
Both for his rich attire, and goodly forme,
Was puffed vp with paſsing ſurquedrie,
And ſhortly gan all other beaſts to ſcorne.
Till that a little Ant, a ſilly worme,
Into his noſthrils creeping, ſo him pained,
That caſting downe his towres, he did deforme
Both borrowed pride, and natiue beautie ſtained.
Let therefore nought that great is, therein glorie,
Sith ſo ſmall thing his happines may varie.

Looking

Viſions of the worlds Vanitie.

9

Looking far foorth into the Ocean wide,
A goodly ſhip with banners brauely dight,
And flag in her top-gallant I eſpide,
Through the maine ſea making her merry flight:
Faire blew the winde into her boſome right,
And th' heauens looked louely all the while,
That ſhe did ſeeme to daunce, as in delight,
And at her owne felicitie did ſmile.
All ſodainely there cloue vnto her keele
A little fiſh, that men call *Remora*,
Which ſtopt her courſe, and held her by the heele,
That winde nor tide could moue her thence away.
Straunge thing me ſeemeth, that ſo ſmall a thing
Should able be ſo great an one to wring.

10

A mighty Lyon, Lord of all the wood,
Hauing his hunger throughly ſatiſfide,
With pray of beaſts, and ſpoyle of liuing blood,
Safe in his dreadles den him thought to hide:
His ſterneſſe was his prayſe, his ſtrength his pride,
And all his glory in his cruell clawes.
I ſaw a waſp, that fiercely him defide,
And bad him battaile euen to his iawes;
Sore he him ſtong, that it the blood forth drawes,
And his proude heart is fild with fretting ire:
In vaine he threats his teeth, his tayle, his pawes,
And from his bloodie eyes doth ſparkle fire;
That dead himſelfe he wiſheth for deſpight.
So weakeſt may anoy the moſt of might.

11.

What time the Romaine Empire bore the raine
Of all the world, and florisht most in might,
The nations gan their soueraigntie disdaine,
And cast to quitt them from their bondage quight:
So when all shrouded were in silent night,
The *Galles* were, by corrupting of a mayde,
Possest nigh of the Capitol through slight,
Had not a Goose the treachery bewrayde.
If then a Goose great *Rome* from ruine stayde,
And *Ioue* himselfe, the patron of the place,
Preserud from being to his foes betrayde,
Why do vaine men mean things so much deface,
And in their might repose their most assurance,
Sith nought on earth can chalenge long endurance?

12

When these sad sights were ouerpast and gone,
My spright was greatly moued in her rest,
With inward ruth and deare affection,
To see so great things by so small distrest:
Thenceforth I gan in my engrieued brest
To scorne all difference of great and small,
Sith that the greatest often are oppresst,
And vnawares doe into daunger fall.
And ye, that read these ruines tragicall
Learne by their losse to loue the low degree,
And if that fortune chaunce you vp to call
To honours seat, forget not what you be:
For he that of himselfe is most secure,
Shall finde his state most fickle and vnsure.

FINIS.

The Visions of Bellay.

1

IT was the time, when rest soft sliding downe
From heauens hight into mens heauy eyes,
In the forgetfulnes of sleepe doth drowne
The carefull thoughts of mortall miseries:
Then did a Ghost before mine eyes appeare,
On that great riuers banck, that runnes by *Rome*,
Which calling me by name, bad me to reare
My lookes to heauen whence all good gifts do come,
And crying lowd, loe now beholde (quoth hee)
What vnder this great temple placed is:
Lo all is nought but flying vanitee.
So I that know this worlds inconstancies.
Sith onely God surmounts all times decay,
In God alone my confidence do stay.

2

On high hills top I saw a stately frame,
An hundred cubits high by iust assize,
With hundreth pillours fronting faire the same,
All wrought with Diamond after Dorick wize:
Nor brick, nor marble was the wall in view,
But shining Christall, which from top to base
Out of her womb a thousand rayons threw,
One hundred steps of *Afrike* golds enchase:
Golde was the parget, and the seeling bright
Did shine all scaly with great plates of golde;
The floore of *Iasp* and *Emeraude* was dight.
O worlds vainesse. Whiles thus I did behold,
An earthquake shooke the hill from lowest seat,
And ouerthrew this frame with ruine great.

3

Then did a sharped spyre of Diamond bright,
Ten feete each way in square, appeare to mee,
Iustly proportion'd vp vnto his hight,
So far as Archer might his leuel see:
The top thereof a pot did seeme to beare,
Made of the mettall, which we most do honour,
And in this golden vessell couched weare
The ashes of a mightie Emperour:
Vpon foure corners of the base were pight,
To beare the frame, foure great Lyons of gold;
A worthy tombe for such a worthy wight.
Alas this world doth nought but grieuance hold.
I saw a tempest from the heauen descend,
Which this braue monument with flash did rend.

4

I saw rayse vp on yuorie pillowes tall,
Whose bases were of richest mettalls warke,
The chapters Alablaster, the fryses christall,
The double front of a triumphall Arke:
On each side purtraid was a Victorie,
Clad like a Nimph, that wings of siluer weares,
And in triumphant chayre was set on hie,
The auncient glory of the Romaine Peares.
No worke it seem'd of earthly craftsmans wit,
But rather wrought by his owne industry,
That thunder-dartes for *Ioue* his fyre doth fit.
Let me no more see faire thing vnder sky,
Sith that mine eyes haue seene so faire a sight
With sodain fall to dust consumed quight.

Then

5

Then was the faire *Dodonian* tree far ſeene,
Vpon ſeauen hills to ſpread his gladſome gleame,
And conquerours bedecked with his greene,
Along the bancks of the *Auſonian* ſtreame:
There many an auncient Trophee was addreſt.
And many a ſpoyle, and many a goodly ſhow,
Which that braue races greatnes did atteſt,
That whilome from the *Troyan* blood did flow.
Raniſht I was ſo rare a thing to vew,
When lo a barbarous troupe of clownish ſone
The honour of theſe noble boughs down threw,
Vnder the wedge I heard the tronck to grone;
And ſince I ſaw the roote in great diſdaine
A twinne of forked trees ſend forth againe.

6

I ſaw a Wolfe vnder a rockie caue
Nourſing two whelpes; I ſaw her little ones
In wanton dalliance the teate to craue,
While ſhe her neck wreath'd from thē for the nones':
I ſaw her raunge abroad to ſeeke her food,
And roming through the field with greedie rage
T'embrew her teeth & clawes with lukewarm blood
Of the ſmall heards, her thirſt for to aſſwage.
I ſaw a thouſand huntſmen, which deſcended
Downe from the mountaines bordring *Lombardie*,
That with an hundred ſpeares her flank wide rended.
I ſaw her on the plaine outſtretched lie,
Throwing out thouſand throbs in her owne ſoyle:
Soone on a tree vphang'd I ſaw her ſpoyle.

7

I saw the Bird that can the Sun endure,
With feeble wings assay to mount on hight,
By more and more she gan her wings t' assure,
Following th' ensample of her mothers sight:
I saw her rise, and with a larger flight
To pierce the cloudes, and with wide pinneons
To measure the most haughtie mountaines hight,
Vntill she raught the Gods owne mansions:
There was she lost; when suddaine I beheld,
Where tumbling through the ayre in firie folds
All flaming downe she on the plaine was felde,
And soone her bodie turn'd to ashes colde.
I saw the foule that doth the light dispise,
Out of her dust like to a worme arise.

8

I saw a riuer swift, whose forny billowes
Did wash the ground work of an old great walls
I saw it couer'd all with griesly shadowes,
That with black horror did the ayre appall:
Thereout a strange beast with seuen heads arose,
That townes and castles vnder her brest did coure,
And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer foes
Alike with equall ruine to deuoure.
Much was I mazde, to see this monsters kinde
In hundred formes to change his fearefull hew,
When as at length I saw the wrathfull winde,
Which blows cold storms, burst out of *Scithian* mew
That sperst these cloudes, and in so short as thought,
This dreadfull shape was vanished to nought.

Then

Then all astoined with this mighty ghoast,
An hideous bodie big and strong I sawe,
With side long beard, and locks down hanging loast,
Sterne face, and front full of Saturnlike awe:
Who leaning on the belly of a pot,
Pourd foorth a water, whose out gushing flood
Ran bathing all the creakie shore aflot,
Whereon the *Troyan* prince spilt *Turnus* blood:
And at his feete a bitch wolfe suck did yeeld
To two young babes: his left the *Palme* tree stout,
His right hand did the peacefull *Oliue* wield,
And head with Lawrell garnisht was about.
Sudden both *Palme* and *Oliue* fell away,
And faire greene Lawrell branch did quite decay.

Hard by a riuers side a virgin faire,
Folding her armes to heauen with thousand throbs,
And outraging her cheekes and golden haire,
To falling riuers sound thus tun'd her sobs.
Where is (quoth she) this whilom honoured face?
Where the great glorie and the auncient praise,
In which all worlds felicitie had place,
When Gods and men my honour vp did raise?
Suffisd it not that ciuill warres me made
The whole worlds spoile, but that this Hydra new,
Of hundred *Hercules* to be aslaide,
With seuen heads, budding monstrous crimes anew,
So many *Neroes* and *Caligulaes*
Out of these crooked shores must dayly rayse.

Vpon

11

Vpon an hill a bright flame I did ſee,
Wauing aloft with triple point to skie,
Which like incenſe of precious Cedar tree,
With balmie odours fil'd th'ayre farre and nie.
A Bird all white, well feathered on each wing,
Hereout vp to the throne of Gods did flie,
And all the way moſt pleaſant notes did ſing,
Whilſt in the ſmoake ſhe vnto heauen did ſtie.
Of this faire fire the ſcattered rayes forth threw
On euerie ſide a thouſand ſhining beames:
When ſudden dropping of a ſiluer dew
(O grieuous chance) gan quēch thoſe precious flames;
That it which earſt ſo pleaſant ſent did yeld,
Of nothing now but noyous ſulphure ſmeld.

12

I ſaw a ſpring out of a rocke forth rayle,
As cleare as Chriſtall gainſt the Sunnie beames,
The bottome yeallow, like the golden grayle
That bright *Pactolus* waſheth with his ſtreames;
It ſeem'd that Art and Nature had aſſembled
All pleaſure there, for which mans hart could long;
And there a noyſe alluring ſleepe ſoft trembled,
Of manie accords more ſweete than Mermaids ſong:
The ſeates and benches ſhone as yuorie,
And hundred Nymphes ſate ſide by ſide about;
When from nigh hills with hideous outcrie,
A troupe of Satyres in the place did rout,
Which with their villeine feete the ſtreame did ray,
Threw down the ſeats, & droue the Nymphs away.

Much

13

Much richer then that vessell seem'd to bee,
Which did to that sad *Florentine* appeare,
Casting mine eyes farre off, I chaunst to see,
Vpon the *Latine* Coast herselfe to reare:
But suddenly arose a tempest great,
Bearing close enuie to these riches rare,
Which gan assaile this ship with dreadfull threat,
This ship, to which none other might compare.
And finally the storme impetuous
Sunke vp these riches, second vnto none,
Within the gulfe of greedie *Nereus*.
I saw both ship and mariners each one,
And all that treasure drowned in the maine:
But I the ship saw after raisd againe.

14

Long hauing deeply gron'd these visions sad,
I saw a Citie like vnto that same,
Which saw the messenger of tidings glad;
But that on sand was built the goodly frame:
It seem'd her top the firmament did rayse,
And no lesse rich than faire, right worthie sure
(If ought here worthie) of immortall dayes,
Or if ought vnder heauen might firme endure.
Much wondred I to see so faire a wall:
When from the Northerne coast a storme arose,
Which breathing furie from his inward gall
On all, which did against his course oppose,
Into a clowde of dust sperst in the aire
The weake foundations of this Citie faire.

15

At length, euen at the time, when *Morpheus*
Most trulie doth vnto our eyes appeare,
Wearie to see the heauens still wauering thus,
I saw *Typhæus* sister comming neare;
Whose head full brauely with a morion hidd,
Did seeme to match the Gods in Maiestie.
She by a riuers bancke that swift downe slidd,
Ouer all the world did raise a Trophee hie;
An hundred vanquisht Kings vnder her lay,
With armes bound at their backs in shamefull wize;
Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray,
I saw the heauens in warre against her rize:
Then downe she stricken fell with clap of thonder,
That with great noyse I wakte in sudden wonder.

FINIS.

The Visions of Petrarch
formerly translated.

1

BEing one day at my window all alone,
So manie strange things happened me to see,
As much it grieueth me to thinke thereon.
At my right hand a Hynde appear'd to mee,
So faire as mote the greatest God delite;
Two eager dogs did her pursue in chace,
Of which the one was blacke, the other white:
With deadly force so in their cruell race
They pincht the haunches of that gentle beast,
That at the last, and in short time I spide,
Vnder a Rocke where she alas oppresst,
Fell to the ground, and there vntimely dide.
Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie,
Oft makes me wayle so hard a destenie.

2

After at sea a tall ship did appeare,
Made all of Heben and white Yuorie,
The sailes of golde, of silke the tackle were,
Milde was the winde, calme seem'd the sea to bee,
The skie eachwhere did show full bright and faire;
With rich treasures this gay ship fraighted was:
But sudden storme did so turmoyle the aire,
And tumbled vp the sea, that she (alas)
Strake on a rock, that vnder water lay,
And perished past all recouerie.
O how great ruth and sorrowfull assay,
Doth vex my spirite with perplexitie,
Thus in a monent to see lost and drown'd,
So great riches, as like cannot be found.

3

The heauenly branches did I see arise
Out of the fresh and lustie Lawrell tree,
Amidst the yong greene wood: of Paradise
Some noble plant I thought my selfe to see:
Such store of birds therein yshrowded were,
Chaunting in shade their sundrie melodie,
That with their sweetnes I was rauish't nere.
While on this Lawrell fixed was mine eie,
The skie gan euerie where to ouercast,
And darkned was the welkin all about,
When sudden flash of heauens fire out brast,
And rent this royall tree quite by the roote,
Which makes me much and euer to complaine:
For no such shadow shalbe had againe.

4

Within this wood, out of a rocke did rise
A spring of water, mildly rumbling downe,
Whereto approched not in anie wise
The homely shepheard, nor the ruder clowne;
But manie Muses, and the Nymphes withall,
That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce
To the soft sounding of the waters fall,
That my glad hart thereat did much reioyce.
But while herein I tooke my chiefe delight,
I saw (alas) the gaping earth deuoure
The spring, the place, and all cleane out of sight.
Which yet aggreeues my hart euen to this houre,
And wounds my soule with rufull memorie,
To see such pleasures gon so suddenly.

I saw

Viſions of Petrarch.

5

I ſaw a Phœnix in the wood alone,
With purple wings, and creſt of golden hewe;
Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone,
That of ſome heauenly wight I had the vewe;
Vntill he came vnto the broken tree,
And to the ſpring, that late deuoured was.
What ſay I more? each thing at laſt we ſee
Doth paſſe away: the Phœnix there alas
Spying the tree deſtroid, the water dride,
Himſelfe ſmote with his beake, as in diſdaine,
And ſo foorthwith in great deſpight he dide:
That yet my heart burnes in exceeding paine,
For ruth and pitie of ſo haples plight.
O let mine eyes no more ſee ſuch a ſight.

6

At laſt ſo faire a Ladie did I ſpie,
That thinking yet on her I burne and quake;
On hearbs and flowres ſhe walked penſiuely,
Milde, but yet loue ſhe proudly did forſake:
White ſeem'd her robes, yet wouen ſo they were,
As ſnow and golde together had been wrought.
Aboue the waſt a darke clowde ſhrouded her,
A ſtinging Serpent by the heele her caught;
Wherewith ſhe languiſht as the gathered floure,
And well aſſur'd ſhe mounted vp to ioy.
Alas, on earth ſo nothing doth endure,
But bitter griefe and ſorrowfull annoy:
Which make this life wretched and miſerable,
Toſſed with ſtormes of fortune variable.

Viſions of Petrarch.

When I beheld this tickle truſtles ſtate
Of vaine worlds glorie, flitting too and fro,
And mortall men toſſed by troublous fate
In reſtles ſeas of wretchednes and woe,
I wiſh I might this wearie life forgoe,
And ſhortly turne vnto my happie reſt,
Where my free ſpirite might not anie moe
Be vext with ſights, that doo her peace moleſt.
And ye faire Ladie, in whoſe bounteous breſt
All heauenly grace and vertue ſhrined is,
When ye theſe rythmes doo read, and vew the reſt,
Loath this baſe world, and thinke of heauens blis:
And though ye be the faireſt of Gods creatures,
Yet thinke, that death ſhall ſpoyle your goodly fea-
(tures.

FINIS.